Week ending August 21 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

# JOHN BULL

## WE NEED NOT FIGHT RUSSIA

*by BARBARA WARD—page 7*

**HOW TO BEAT T.B.**

*by Dr. HARVEY GRAHAM—page 5*

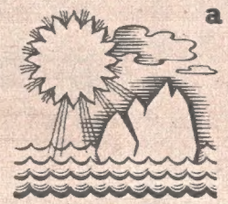
# fish for compliments

There are so many appetising ways of serving fish; with it, you can ring the changes from a dainty hot-weather dish to a savoury satisfying meal for a hungry man, and win many a compliment for a dish that just fits the occasion. And remember — where there's fish there's a good meal, for this valuable food contains the same quality of body-building nourishment as meat, and almost the same quantity of it.

## full of savoury flavour

*A whole fish, such as haddock or whiting.* For 4 people. FORCEMEAT (*see below*). Scale and clean the fish, leaving head and tail on. Stuff with the forcemeat, not too tightly, for the forcemeat will swell in cooking. Sew up the fish with needle and coarse thread, and place in a well-greased baking dish, covering with greased paper. Bake in a moderate oven for about half an hour. To test when it is done, press gently on the thickest part, when the flesh should easily leave the bones. To serve, remove thread, and garnish with parsley and slices of lemon if available.

FORCEMEAT: *4 oz. stale breadcrumbs, 4 level tablespoons chopped parsley, 2 level teaspoons mixed dried herbs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 oz. fat, melted, few drops of lemon substitute, milk to mix.* Mix all ingredients thoroughly to a firm consistency.



## a tempting hot-weather dish

SOUSED FISH STEAKS AND SALAD. *4 fish steaks, ¼ pint vinegar and water, 8 peppercorns, 1 bay leaf, 1 level teaspoon mixed herbs, ½ level teaspoon salt, 1 level tablespoon chopped onion or spring onion, 1 lettuce, 4 level tablespoons grated carrot, 4 oz. tomatoes.*

Wash the fish and arrange in a fireproof dish. Mix vinegar, water, peppercorns, bay leaf, herbs, salt and onion. Pour over fish and cook in a moderate oven for about 20 minutes. Allow to cool. Prepare lettuce and arrange on a dish, place cold fish steaks on this and garnish with carrots and tomatoes. Strain liquid in which fish was cooked and serve as dressing.

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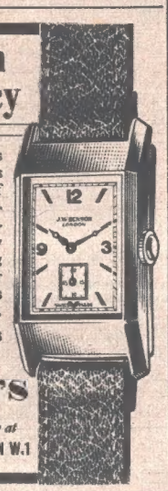

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AUGUST 21, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2199


## Wages v. Prices

WOULD YOU RATHER HAVE lower prices or higher wages?

Most of us, probably, would choose higher wages. It is natural to welcome more money, and far from easy to refuse it because one's own "rise" may help to send prices up so that it cancels itself out.

Those are the fundamental human facts which the Government's financial planners face today.

In spite of price controls and pleas for "sane spending," inflation remains the biggest domestic problem, as every wage-earner and every housewife knows.

Next month's meeting of the Trades Union Congress is likely to concentrate on discussing the situation from the angle of wages versus prices.

Last February the T.U.C. Council supported the Government in opposing higher wages, on the understanding that prices and profits would be held back as well.

That policy has not worked, because world economic forces have become too strong for it. And now the T.U.C. may be unable to continue to give even nominal support to wage "freezing."

Increases for over three million workers have had to be granted in the first six months of this year. Many more are demanded. At this moment the engineers' claims are being considered by a court of inquiry, and negotiations for the shipbuilders will start shortly. Between them, these two groups may affect another three million workers.

Yet higher wages this year will mean higher prices next year, so that nobody will gain in the end. What is to be done?

We have to face the fact that there is no positive, outright cure for what economists call "an inflationary situation."

But there is no need for panic. Persuasion and controls can both be used sensibly so as to slow the growth of inflation until world prices—the root cause of our troubles here in Britain—begin to fall again.

That will happen, given peace, as postwar recovery really gets under way all over the world. The main thing, in the meantime, is to be patient and try to realize that more money in the pay packet is no good at all unless it will *buy* more.

## Insurance Against Hunger

THE FOOD NEWS is a little better.

There can be no sudden and spectacular end of general rationing, which has now gone on for nearly nine years. But this summer, without any great fuss, bread and potato rationing have ended, the coarser jams have been freed, and housewives are getting more extra sugar for preserving.

Even in Germany, that starved and mutilated wreck of a country, people are getting more to eat. Next month the meat ration in the Anglo-American Zones is to be doubled, and more bread and potatoes will be available.

None of these improvements was possible six months ago. They are the result partly of planning, partly of higher food production as the result of three years' respite from fighting.

But while welcoming the signs of returning plenty, we must not allow ourselves to be misled by them.

There is some danger that, as supplies of food begin to get a little easier, people will simply forget the warnings of Sir John Boyd Orr and Lord Bruce. These two far-sighted men have told us that the present shortages will be succeeded by starvation unless the nations of the world get together, quickly, to organize the scientific production of more food, and its distribution according to human needs.

Everyone takes it for granted that armies and navies should be run by governments for the benefit of all their citizens, and that in war allies should pool their resources.

One day it will seem equally obvious that food is as important as defence and must be a public and international responsibility too.

Only then shall we be properly insured against hunger.

## The Cigarette Scramble

TOO MANY PEOPLE are wasting too much time in the pursuit of cigarettes.

Summer holiday hoarding started the shortage, but there is now no hope that it will end quickly, because tobacco supplies have been cut.

Hence the frantic dashing in and out of shops, the standing in queues, the late arrivals at office and factory, and the outbreak of "fag-hunter's nerves."

It is no use blaming people because they want to smoke. After all, they have a right to choose their own pleasures.

Smoking is not in itself a social evil. But the perpetual restless hunt for cigarettes has already become a perfect curse.

If tobacco is to remain in short supply, should not some simple form of rationing be officially introduced? In practice unofficial cigarette rationing is already here. It is worked by the tobacconists who share out supplies among regular customers and say no to the others.

We would like to hear what JOHN BULL readers think. Would you rather be sure of a limited but regular supply of smokes from a shop where you are registered; or go on with the present daily scramble?

## Help the Police Now

THE PAY AND CONDITIONS of service of the police force are being examined by a commission which will report its findings to the Home Secretary and the nation "in due course"—that is, in several months' time.

It is probable—indeed, certain—that the commission's recommendations will cover the main grievances of British policemen, such as their comparatively low pay, their slow rate of promotion, and the often inadequate living quarters available to them.

Some of these grievances will be remedied only by a measure of reorganization within the Force, which cannot be hurried; or by a general improvement in economic conditions, which will also take time.

Others, though, are capable of rapid adjustment, and there is surely no need to wait months for the report of a Royal Commission before dealing with them.

Is the police force underpaid by present money standards? If so, the matter should be examined quickly, to see if there is a case for making the policeman an exception to the policy of "freezing" wages. A speedy review of the financial question might also help recruiting.

How about it, Mr. Chuter Ede? We cannot allow an undermanned Force to go on facing the dangers of the current crime wave while its grievances are merely being reported upon.


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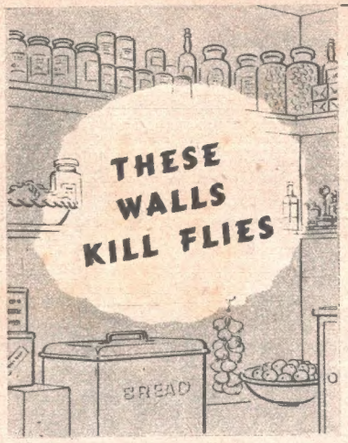


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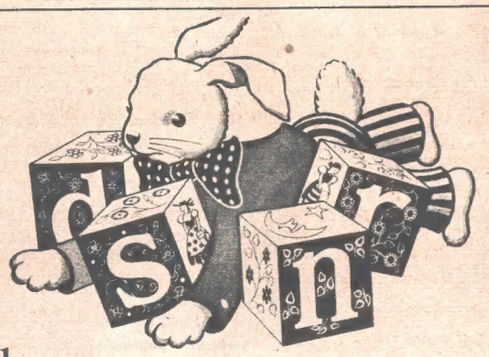

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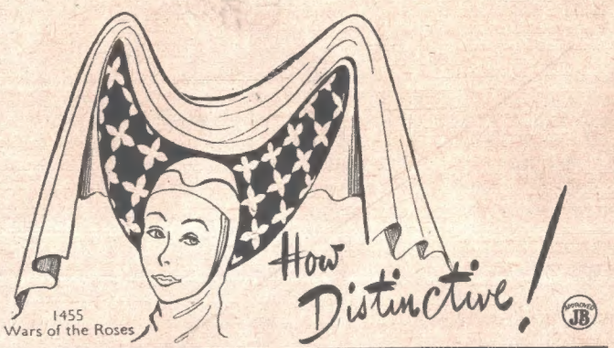


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Large tube, 1/4 (inc. Tax)
* For safety's sake use a MACLEANS TOOTHBRUSH

Healthy children of T.B. parents play at Papworth School. More settlements like Papworth, chest X-rays for all and vaccination are the long-term needs

# HOW TO BEAT T.B.

*by HARVEY GRAHAM, M.D.*

**If a mother or father is tubercular, will their children inevitably get the disease, too? The answer's no—given good food and living conditions. A village settlement helps families to banish the spectre of "inherited" T.B.**

Papworth's ideal environment has given this "settler" family its greatest treasure, health—*John Bull colour photographs by William Kemp*

TUBERCULOSIS IS THE MOST important infectious disease of Western civilization. Every year in Great Britain there are more than twenty thousand deaths from phthisis, and more than two hundred thousand men and women with tuberculosis of the lungs are in hospitals or sanatoria or under observation.

Tuberculosis costs us £12,000,000 a year in money, without reference to the loss of working-time which could be estimated and the unhappiness and the tragedies which cannot be. Much of the unhappiness and many of the tragedies arise from fear and the lack of knowledge which breeds fear.

This point was brought home to me by a dozen correspondents who challenged one statement I made in a recent article. I said that if a child contracted tuberculosis the parents were always investigated first to see if they had the disease. Several readers asked the same question. If this is true, does it mean that tuberculosis is inherited?

It is true, but it does not mean that tuberculosis is inherited.

Tuberculosis is caused by a germ—the tubercle bacillus. But whether a dose of germs will cause the disease in a particular individual depends entirely on that person's resistance. A high degree of resistance means that the germs will be defeated. Low resistance means that the germs win the opening battle and there will follow the familiar symptoms—cough, loss of weight, sweating at night and increasing lassitude.

Individual resistance depends on two factors—heredity and environment. Some babies inherit powerful lungs—sometimes almost too powerful. Others inherit weak lungs or even a weak constitution generally. In these cases a history of lung trouble of different kinds can often be traced back in the family.

That is why doctors examining you for an insurance company ask all those questions about when your grandmother died and why.

A baby may inherit the weakest of constitutions and come to no harm because he happens to be well fed and well looked after.

A baby with a tough constitution born into a slum may go downhill fast. His living conditions are unhealthy and overcrowded. There is not enough money to give him or anyone else an adequate diet and as a reflection of this bad environment his resistance steadily diminishes.

More usually, however, the reverse is true. The tough baby has a good family behind him, a good home around him, and a healthy future in store. The constitutionally weak baby often has a bad environment as well and his resistance, which was low at birth, becomes lower still because of poor food and unhealthy surroundings.

### Germs About the Home

When such a child has a tuberculous parent there are T.B. germs about the home and they quickly overcome his diminished resistance. So when a child develops tuberculosis and the source of infection is not known the parents are always investigated first, because they have had the closest contact with the child.

Now this is not inherited tuberculosis. It is a tuberculous infection in a child who has inherited a low level of resistance and has been brought up in a bad environment. Calves, taken away from a tuberculous cow and fed on pasteurized milk grow up perfectly healthy. Weakly babies brought up away from their tuberculous parents and in good surroundings also grow up perfectly healthy.

The part played by inheritance in tuberculosis has been studied recently in a large series of twins. Identical twins have the same constitution and the same resistance. Study of the families of 308 sets of twins in New York produced these figures:

Of all the people in the City and State of New York 1.4 per cent have tuberculosis. Of the husbands and wives of the 308 tuberculous twins 7.1 per cent had tuberculosis. Of the parents of these

twins 16.9 per cent had tuberculosis. Of their brothers and sisters 25.5 per cent had tuberculosis. In the case of identical-twin brothers and sisters 87.3 per cent had tuberculosis.

This progression of figures shows well the importance of the inherited constitution. The brothers and sisters of those twins with phthisis have the same sort of family constitution and 25 per cent of them were found to have tuberculosis. Their identical co-twins have identical constitutions and 87 per cent had failed to resist the tubercle bacillus.

In this country a recent ten-year survey of over two thousand nurses also showed the importance of the individual constitution.

### Race May Count, Too

These nurses were of much the same age and class. They lived in much the same conditions in different hospitals. They were all more exposed to infection from patients than any other group of women. Yet tuberculosis was found much more often in Welsh and Irish nurses than in the English nurses working alongside them. There are racial as well as family variations in inherited constitutions.

Can this constitutional weakness be overcome so that tuberculosis does not develop. Yes, completely. The Papworth Village Settlement is peopled by tuberculous families. They run light industries there and run them well enough to have an annual turnover of £500,000 and make their own contribution to the export drive. The children born in Papworth were born into tuberculous families. Either the father or the mother, or both, were tuberculous.

Not one of the Papworth children has ever developed tuberculosis.

Are they weakly children? Not noticeably. This tiny village sent seventy of its young people to serve in the Forces during the war. Not one was rejected on medical grounds and not one of them contracted tuberculosis later, although a number were taken prisoner by the Japanese and worked on the infamous Siam railway project under appalling conditions.

How is it done? Merely by making the environment—homes, food, and surroundings—so good that the inherited constitution becomes relatively unimportant. Surveys of New York twins and British nurses show how important the inherited constitution can be. Papworth shows how unimportant it could be.

The immediate lesson is clear. We need many more village settlements.

### Cottages and Hostel

A settlement for thirty patients with the necessary land, with ten cottages for the married convalescents, a hostel for twenty single men and women, and a factory for sixty workers could be built for £50,000 and could be self-supporting in ten years. The thirty patients in the small sanatorium are treated till they can graduate to the cottages with their families or to the hostels with their friends. They may start work in the factory doing only two hours a day.

They are watched over carefully and it may be three months before they are allowed to work five half-days. Gradually they get back to full work—completely rehabilitated.

One of the recurrent tragedies of tuberculosis work at present is the frequency of relapse. An early case is admitted to a sanatorium and cured, but there remains the constitutional weakness which helped to lead to the first infection. Cured cases should go on afterwards like the Papworth colonists. Instead they must go back to the hurly-burly, to the overcrowded home, to the difficulty of holding a job when employers get to know that they are "T.B."

In these circumstances relapse and reinfection is not surprising. What is surprising is that many of these patients manage to carry on for several years before they become re-infected.

In these cases some at least of the financial worries that diminish resistance have been overcome by the Government scheme of special allowances for the tuberculous.

More settlements like Papworth is the right answer for these cases of tuberculosis, and especially for married couples. Then they can have healthy children with no fears about their future. But Papworth comes at a relatively late stage. Most cases of tuberculosis are curable. Early cases can be cured quickly and easily, but as yet cases are not detected nearly early enough.

In 1938 a review of thirty-five thousand cases of pulmonary tuberculosis showed that sixty-five per cent were diagnosed first at an intermediate or advanced stage of the disease. Only thirty-five per cent were detected at an early stage. For the big majority of these early cases complete cure is expected. For intermediate and advanced stages the results are progressively less good—only forty-five per cent are still alive five years after discharge from hospital.

Mass miniature radiography is an important development making for earlier diagnosis.

The first civilian unit started work in Lancashire in October, 1943. A whole group of, say, factory workers are examined by the miniature X-ray machine. The films, instead of being twelve by fourteen inches, are the size of ordinary ciné film. Carefully examined, they show that ninety-four per cent of all people examined have nothing wrong at all with their lungs. The remaining six per cent have some abnormality which calls for further investigation. In many of these cases the full-size X-ray plate shows completely healed tuberculosis, an old pneumonia, or some similar condition.

### Make X-rays a "Must"

But one mass radiography unit examining a thousand persons a week for fifty weeks in the year may reveal as many as six hundred cases of previously unsuspected tuberculosis of the lungs.

Miniature radiography units are doing a first-class job of work—but there are not enough of them. As a long-term aim for the National Health Service every man and woman in this country should have a miniature chest X-ray at least three times between the ages of fifteen and forty-five. Most of the cases detected already by mass radiography are in the age-groups seventeen to twenty-four and thirty-five to thirty-nine.

Meanwhile there are two special groups of people who should have first claim on these limited services. Pregnancy is peculiarly liable to reduce the resistance to tuberculosis in some women. Every woman who has a baby should have a chest X-ray in the course of her pregnancy and again some time in the first two months after childbirth.

The other group of people who deserve special priority in this connection are all those who attend hospital for any reason. In this group a miniature radiography team will find four times as many cases of early tuberculosis as in the general population.

Early detection is essential to the control of tuberculosis and the first symptoms are so slight that early diagnosis can only be made in many cases by an X-ray of the chest.

Treatment is by rest and good food. Resting a damaged lung may only require rest in bed or it may need artificial pneumothorax treatment — collapse therapy which rests the lung by injecting air outside it and so forcing the whole lung on one side into complete inactivity.

There are eight thousand people waiting their turn to enter a sanatorium, but of 32,800 beds approved for the treatment of tuberculosis 4,200 are closed because of the shortage of nursing and domestic staff. This is not a reason for lessening our efforts to detect the early and easily curable cases.

But it is a good reason for continuing the drive to recruit hospital staff and also reviewing the use to which we put our sanatoria. Four or five early cases detected by mass radiography can be completely cured in a sanatorium in the time that it takes to do no good at all to advanced bedridden cases.

There are two possible methods of freeing beds for early cases.

A bedridden advanced case cannot benefit as early cases can from the skilled nursing and the experienced specialists available at a sanatorium. But such a case could be nursed at home and the risk of infection could be controlled to an area of only a few feet round the bed. Such patients are far less dangerous than the early positive-sputum case still at work. Home nursing of this kind with residential open-air schools for the children in the family is an experiment in tuberculosis control that might well be tried.

By the same token cured sanatorium patients reach a stage when all they require is a prolonged convalescence. Holland and Scandinavia have developed small convalescent homes in the country which need only ten to fifteen nurses for every hundred patients and which again economize the use of trained staff and free sanatorium beds for the next batch of early short-stay cases.

### Try Out Vaccination

Finally, this country should embark on a planned trial of B.C.G. (*Bacille Calmette-Guérin*) vaccination. This method of protecting children against tuberculosis, named after its pioneers, Calmette and Guérin, has been used in the Scandinavian countries for many years.

Children and nurses are especially at risk from tuberculosis. Vaccination with B.C.G. has been used extensively in Denmark. The evidence for and against it is difficult to assess. What happened in Denmark may not happen here.

Immediate widespread B.C.G. vaccination would be a mistake. But a carefully planned trial extending over several years is long overdue in this country. It has been strongly recommended by the National Association for the Prevention of Tuberculosis and at last the Ministry of Health is considering the question.

There are still twice as many cases of tuberculosis in the lower income brackets as in the upper income brackets. This is a reflection of differences in the standards of nutrition and housing which are steadily being ironed out. If everybody had a perfect diet and a good house to live in half the problem of tuberculosis would be solved.

If the pasteurization of milk were universal and efficient there would be two thousand fewer cases and six hundred fewer deaths from bovine tuberculosis every year.

### Let's Know About It

Meanwhile the problem of tuberculosis is still with us and likely to be so for many years to come. It could be much less menacing if more were done to enlighten the public about the cause and spread and prevention of the disease.

Mass radiography should be extended till we can name and treat the estimated one hundred and fifty thousand men and women in this country who do not know that they have active tuberculosis.

Our available sanatorium beds should be put to better use and we ought to try out some of the Scandinavian experiments on B.C.G. vaccination and on small convalescent homes which have proved successful there and might prove successful here.



# WE NEED

**Be firm with Russia. But also set out to build a better world than Communism can offer. That is the way to banish fear, says an expert in world affairs**

WE HAVE NOT YET banished fear from our postwar world. No one will deny that. Fear lurks at the back of our daily lives. Fear mixes itself into our hopes.

The two most urgent fears are clearly Russian expansion—leading to atomic war—and Communism—leading to the destruction of free society.

The psychologists tell us to "know our fears." So let us look at these two fears squarely.

Is there the same inevitable drive to war in the Russian system as there was in the Nazi system? We have been compelled in the last year to ask ourselves whether we do not, in Russian Communism, face a system as violent and expansive as that of the Nazis. Especially when Communist control was clamped down on Czechoslovakia, the memory of enslavement of the Czechs by the Germans was in everybody's mind. The repetition of 1938 and 1939 was so obvious.

But if we compare the two systems, it is clear that they are not identical. Take first of all the question of the historical record. Hitler came to power in 1933. In six short years, he went from aggression to aggression.

The Communists came to power in 1917, and after a brief attempt at aggression against Poland in 1920, they settled down and attacked nobody until Hitler flung Europe into war in 1939. The first difference is, therefore, that while the Nazis could not live without war, the Russians have proved that for nearly twenty years they could live in peace.

The second difference is in the emphasis of the two systems. Hitler's philosophy was frankly militaristic. He glorified bloodshed. Communists may believe that they are destined to rule the earth, but they do not glorify aggressive war as a means of getting there.

### All the Space She Wants

But the decisive difference is perhaps that Germany had a definite problem of "living space." Her solution of the problem—by conquest—was false. But the problem of a German economy built to a continental scale, yet hampered by national trade barriers, was real.

German industry was so large that it needed all Europe as its market, and so long as it could not achieve such widened frontiers, the temptation was constant to expand by means of war.

Russia has no such problem. One sixth of the globe is occupied by the Soviet Union; much of it is undeveloped. Not four but twenty Five-Year Plans will be necessary to create an abundant economy. The Russians, far from needing war to expand, should logically fear war as the one obstacle to expansion.

At this point, people may begin to throw their hats in the air and say: "There you are! Russia is no menace."

But to say that Russia is not driven *inevitably* to make war is only part of the answer. The Russian system is not absolutely identical with the Nazi system. But they have this in common: they are both dictatorships.

There are none of those checks and

# NOT FIGHT RUSSIA

*by Barbara Ward*

**Germany only a year ago: U.S. and Russian guards chat at border post. Now each side keeps aloof—but "fear is a bad counsellor"**

balances which would exist in a democracy. And the sense of power and ability to manoeuvre in any way they please have undoubtedly made the Russian leaders imitate the Germans in adventurousness and opportunism.

The Russians, like the Germans before them, are always kicking at doors—in Poland, Finland, Greece, Persia—to see if they are open. If they are, they, like the Germans, march through. A tremendous door was opened to Eastern Europe at Yalta, and the Russians accordingly marched in. And if any more doors are left open, they will go in.

The difference comes when the door is slammed shut. Hitler went right on and smashed it down. The Russians stop.

From this it follows that the important thing is to keep the doors of the world locked and bolted. If the Russians know that any further expansion on their part will involve them in a war with the Western Powers, they will probably not blunder on as did the Nazis. They will draw back.

### Swallowed Half a Continent

But the reason for this is, fundamentally, the will and ability of the Western World to make known its determination to resist any further aggression.

Now we can face our Russian fear. This is a real one, for in the last three years the Russians have swallowed half a continent. But it is a limited fear and it is one we can do something about.

If the Western Powers form a firm defensive alliance, leave no doubt where they stand, and hold together for as long as is necessary, there need be no war; and to those whom the thought of this armed vigilance depresses, it can be said that there is a successful example of such a policy in recent British history.

All through the nineteenth century, the British had an "Eastern Question." The Russians wanted to take Constantinople. Equally they knew that the British would fight to prevent them.

This clash of interests led to one short war in the Crimea in the 1850s. Afterwards, for more than fifty years, Russia's knowledge that Britain would not permit the seizure of Constantinople held her leaders back. The threat that they might take the city made it necessary for Britain to be vigilant and armed. But there was no war, for the Russians would not risk conflict.

The Western Powers are faced today with an "Eastern Question" on an even larger scale. But it need not lead to war, provided they make it perfectly clear to the Russians that further expansion *will* lead to war.

Berlin is perhaps a special case. There is no question in Berlin of the Russians expanding into Western Europe by bursting across the Iron Curtain. Berlin lies more than one hundred miles east of the Curtain and the Allied sectors of the city are completely surrounded by the Russians. They therefore do not need to fight or advance to put pressure on the Allies. They only need to squeeze.

Everywhere else the Russians must do the attacking if they want to advance and it is the Allies' job to convince them that if they were to do so, they would launch a general war.

This firm attitude requires rearmament in America; it requires a clear military defence pact between the nations of Western Europe; and it would be strengthened by an American guarantee of the Western Pact. But all these are limited practical objectives and can be realized. And they offer the hope that peace will be maintained.

In other words, fear of Russia is a fear that sound policy and steady nerves can certainly control.

Many people feel that Russia's threat is not primarily military. They are more alarmed at the spread of Communism than the menace of Russian aggression.

Then let us look at Communism as firmly and dispassionately as we examined Russian expansion.

First of all, Communism has never won an absolute majority at any free election anywhere. Second, it has taken over control in Europe only in those areas occupied by the Red Army and allotted to the Russian "sphere of influence" at Yalta. The "appeal" of Communism, therefore, should not be exaggerated on its record so far.

And is this surprising? After all, the nature of Communism is no longer a secret. We know all about its workings. We know that the ordinary man is at the mercy of the secret police, that millions toil in slave labour camps, that thought and art are in chains, that religion is stifled.

### When Communism Creeps In

This is not the kind of society people want to live in, so long as they do not despair about their own way of life.

The sting lies in the tail of that last sentence. At times in the Western World, people *have* despaired of their own society. When the Great Depression, for instance, struck Europe, millions turned to Communism not because they positively believed in it, but because their misery drove them to look for an alternative.

Communism creeps in as a negative force when Western society fails to live up to its great ideals and possibilities.

In times of stability, when the ordinary man and woman have jobs, can save for the future, can bring up their children and feel themselves to be decent self-respecting members of society, they do not turn Communist. Communism for them is the last gesture of despair.

It follows that our fear of Communism ought to be turned into a wholesome fear of any failures or breakdowns in our own democratic society. Of these failures three are perhaps the most urgent.

### Sharing Wealth with Others

The first is failure to fight the giant enemy of poverty and disease. The United States has gone further than any other society in solving the problem of production. Goods pour out from the factories and the farms. Moreover, the generous decision has been taken through the Marshall Plan to share this wealth freely with other peoples.

But more and more production is still needed, not only in the United States but the world over. Millions live in destitution. It is among them that the negative force of Communism can gain strength. The Western World has the secret of creating wealth. But it must develop that secret to the full.

Increasing prosperity is only half the story, however. Western society has produced wealth, but it has done so unevenly. Great crises have shaken the system. Depressions have followed booms, and, as in 1929, society has plunged into shattering poverty. No man can plan for himself and his children if today's job may be followed by tomorrow's unemployment.

Stability is a need as much as prosperity and this, too, the Western World must achieve if it is to survive.

Last of all, the ordinary men and women who work producing the wealth and laying the material foundations of free society need to understand more fully the contribution they are required to make. In Western society, men understand their political rights and duties. They are much less clear how they stand in their economic relationships.

As workers, as clerks, as foremen, even as management, what is their status in the factories? Should they have a share in profits? Should they contribute to working out production problems? Are they men—or simply hands?

### Not by Bread Alone

These problems, which can only be worked out factory by factory and industry by industry, are the basic problems of industrial democracy.

Men neither live nor work by bread alone. They want to understand their status, see that what they do makes sense. In a word, economically as well as politically, they want to be treated as responsible citizens.

How do our fears look now? The point is surely that the emphasis has shifted from what the Russians are doing to *what we can do*. Instead of being prisoners of our anxiety, we can be masters of it.

But we have to accept the fact that if the cure lies in our own hands, we have to be ready to act. It is a question of *our* will and *our* faith. Communism may be a dreary system, but in a minority it inspires a fanatical faith—and faith can only be countered by faith.

What of our own? Western civilization was first founded on tremendous acts of faith—that man, as a child of God, is born free and equal and infinitely valuable. All our efforts to reform and enlarge and enrich our society have no meaning unless man is this infinitely precious creature—and not simply a cog in a machine or a unit in a police state.

### Something Marxists Overlook

You can read all through *Das Kapital* or any of the writings of Marxists, and you will find that one thing is forgotten, the most important thing of all. That is man himself. I don't think you'll find that an analysis of this central figure or an account of his vital personality ever once appears. It's always the collective unit, the cog, the store, the factory, the broom. Never man.

So, perhaps, we shouldn't be surprised when we read of concentration camps and of forced labour on a massive scale. Because, if you lose your belief in man and your picture of man, then why shouldn't you treat him as an animal or as an ant or just a cog in some piece of social machinery.

But shall we be able to sustain our way of life if the faith underlying it has waned away? Communism is a challenge to us—to revive our flagging beliefs, to spare no effort to see them in action, to be as determined to create a society worthy of free men as are the Communists to create a collectivist hive.

This is the greatest challenge of all—to restore in Western society the belief in God and belief in man.

But this is also the challenge which every one of us can take up in our daily lives. This is the battlefront into which each of us can throw our last reserve.

# Hitch Hiker

by BILL NAUGHTON

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY WEARE

**The dark innards of an eleven and a half ton boiler aren't everyone's idea of travel bliss. But, as was to be shown, Charlie wasn't fussy**

I WAS ONCE DRIVING up to Liverpool with a whacking great boiler on my trailer. An eleven-and-a-half-ton job it was—and it should have been up against my cab, but it had been handier for loading on the trailer. So I had let Stevens's men put it there while I collected a nice seven tons of short flat girders for my engine load.

As I say, I was driving up to Liverpool, and the rain was pelting hard, when a tramp with a bundle under the one arm and a soaked little terrier dog under the other, thumbed me from the side of the road.

Now I did not want to stop—I wanted to keep moving and not be troubled—but it preyed on my mind the minute I splashed past this little bloke with the dog that Fate would pay me out if I left him there in the rain. So I slowed up and stopped and waited for him to come hurrying up.

But I was not going to have him in the cab—no, not him and his bundle and his dog—I wanted to drive in peace, and anyway there wasn't room for them because of a sack of spuds I had on the spare seat, a sack that I'd picked up handylike the night before. I was taking them home for the wife and I didn't want them to get wet.

So I look out through the slot in the back of the cab, and when he comes toddling up I point with my mitt to the trailer and the boiler, for him to work his way on to the back and make the best of it.

He was set back for the moment, and then he went in a bit of a huddle with the dog, sort of talking things over with it, and the dog gives a bit of a yap and stretches out towards the trailer.

He would put you in mind of Charlie Chaplin, he would—yes, Charlie Chaplin to a T, now that I come to think of it—as he stood there, with his feet perched on the runner-board at the edge of the trailer, a little chap just like Charlie beside this socking big boiler, and I watched him as he looked for a place to wedge himself safe and dry.

Suddenly his eyes lit on the safety-valve top—sticking up on the boiler like the funnel on a railway engine—and he turned his head quickly to me: "Is it in order if we pop down there?" and I nodded, "Okay."

After letting the dog down gently, he went in feet first, rather like a diver going down in the depths, except that he had to keep his hands over his head—for the hole was too narrow to allow him to hold them by his sides.

I waited a minute, waited and wondered about how the pair of them were going on in the innards of that big boiler, when at last I heard a voice, coming softly through the tubes: "Just the job, mate," it said, "nice an' dry—but black as pitch."

"Okay," I said, and I turned to the road and hoved into gear. I had to laugh. I mean to say you've got to laugh at a bloke like that—getting himself and his dog down inside a boiler, not knowing what it was going to be like, nor asking where it was going or when they could get out. I like chaps like that, chaps who don't fuss.

I kept hammering along the road the whole day, doing twenty miles in places and less in others because of the heavy load, and evening was coming on and I was feeling a bit weary-like when it happened. I had just come up that long stiff brew outside Fleedon, and it had been bottom gear climbing almost the whole way so that the old engine was boiling away with the radiator cap dancing up and down, and I just got my revs up a bit on the flat and then shoved the stick out of gear to let the engine cool as we moved down Moberly Hill.

And being dead tired I enjoyed the nice quiet rolling along, and being free of the din I lolled back and I let her run free, without my foot on the clutch as I might have done.

Halfway down it flashed through me that I'd done wrong. A spasm of wind-up burst in my stomach as I felt the skeltering trailer nudge me on, bumping up against the back of the lorry, and though I pulled the handbrake and trailer-brake on at once I had to let them off and give her a free run, because the boiler started swaying at the touch of the brake, jerking me from one side to the other. I had a job to hold on to the steering.

Then I raced up and down on the accelerator, and when the engine was revving at top pitch I tried to get the stick into gear, but there was a grind that scared me and I had to let her out. So there was nothing I could do but skelter along like the clappers of hell, gripping with all my strength, and cajole her into the middle of the road to allow us some space for taking her round that bend at the bottom of the hill—I could see it lying still and grey ahead, a wide right-hand bend.

"'Im! 'Im!" gasped the scared Snoggy. "—'Im with 'is flamin' noodle stuck out of the boiler"

THE boiler was weighting her down and was travelling at a lick that wouldn't allow for any change of direction—it was ditching me, and I knew that if I gave way an inch I was done, so I stuck to that wheel, though allowing all the play I durst, and then it happened.

One fierce wrenching tug that bounced my head against the cab top and brought my off-side wheels clean off the ground. I grabbed the steering and clung to it as I heard a *crash-bang-wallop*. The next thing I felt everything nice and light, the whole thing moving smoothly, and all I had to do was to put the brake on.

When I looked out of the shutter I saw that my trailer and boiler had gone. I screwed my eyes back along the road—not a sign of them, they had disappeared from sight. I took my last cigarette out, lit it, and then I got out and went back along the road to see what had happened.

I saw the trailer in the air, upside-down in the air, because the boiler had flung itself over the hedge and was half buried in a soft, ploughed field. The binding chains had held and so the trailer had been ripped off the back of the lorry. It was getting dusk, but I could make it all out plain enough—the top of the boiler was buried five feet deep in the earth.

I was struck dazed for the minute. Everything was dead still, dead quiet, not a sound, not a breath, not a murmur—while only seconds ago there had been such din and dash, such thundering and hammering, but now the old earth had got hold of the boiler, and it was dead still and quiet. The bashing beat of my

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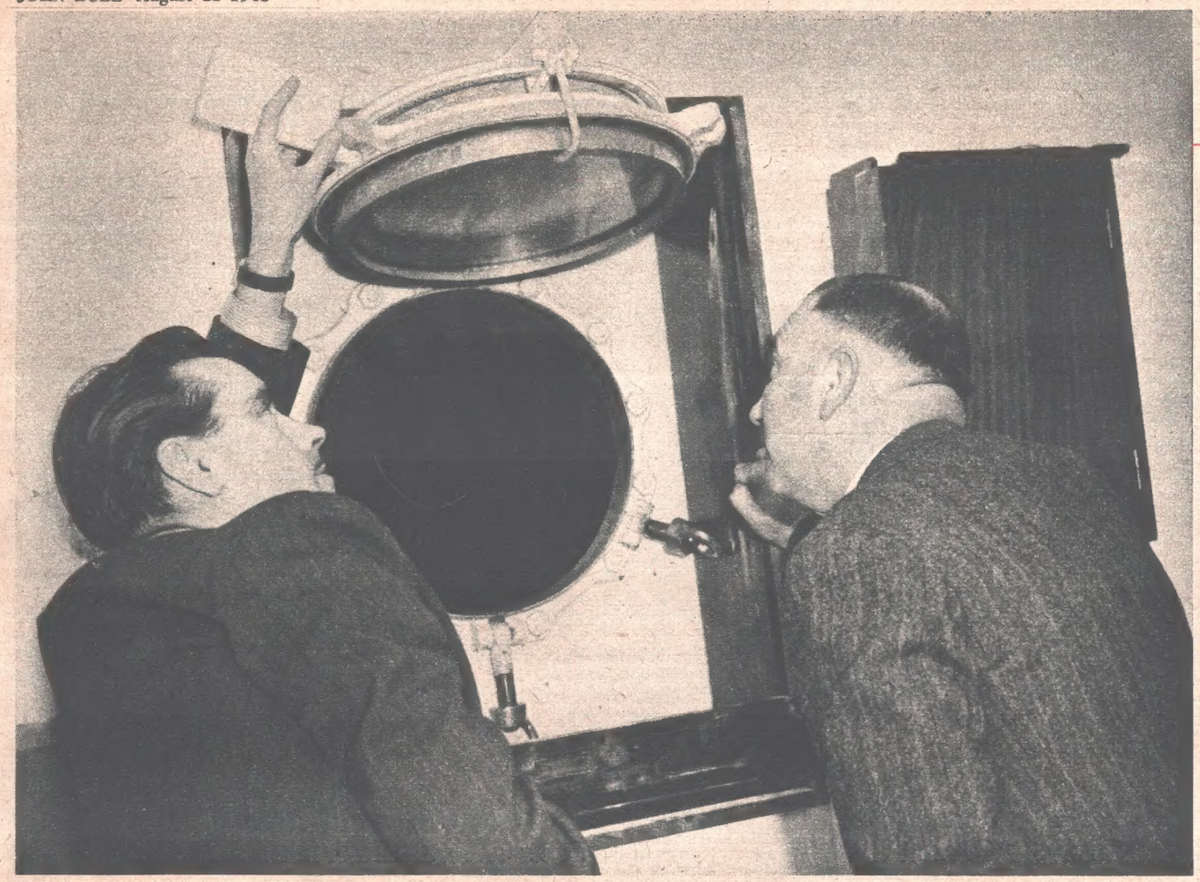


Police examine porthole of "Gay" Gibson's cabin. Camb said he was "fairly certain" that she was dead when he pushed the body through

Behind the Scenes of Famous Trials (6) • by C. E. Bechhofer Roberts

# The Porthole Murder

**Some people thought the disappearance of "Gay" Gibson's body might save James Camb, the man facing trial in the strangest murder case for years. Quite the contrary!**

WHEN THE Union Castle liner *Dunbar Castle* sailed from Capetown on October 10, 1947, on her normal mail run to Southampton, the first-class accommodation was sparsely filled. But among the fifty-odd passengers was a young English actress, Eileen Isabella Ronnie Gibson, whose stage-name was "Gay" Gibson.

This twenty-one year old girl had been playing in a Johannesburg repertory company and broadcasting for a few months, but had suddenly thrown up her work there and decided to return to England.

Her cabin, No. 126, was on B deck, with a porthole well above water level; her stewardess was a Miss Field, while on deck her chair was placed for her and her requirements attended to by the deck-steward, a strong, good-looking young Lancastrian of thirty-one, named James Camb.

A minute or two before three o'clock in the morning of October 18, when the ship was passing through tropical waters some fifty miles off the steaming coast of West Africa, a buzzer sounded in the quarters of the ship's night watchmen, who at that hour were responsible for looking after passengers' needs. Frederick Steer, one of the two watchmen, saw on the indicator that the call came from B deck and went up there to investigate.

He saw that not one but two lamps were showing outside cabin 126, proving that somebody within had rung *both* bells—for the steward as well as for the stewardess. A light shone through the ventilator.

Steer knocked on the door; there was no answer. He opened the door a few inches and realized that a man was standing inside; a voice said, "It's all right!" and the door was shut in his face.

### Recognized the Man Inside

Now, romances are not uncommon on shipboard; indeed, nowhere else perhaps — with the possible exception of theatrical companies—do they spring up so quickly. What worried Steer most was that he recognized the man inside the cabin as Camb, the deck-steward—and deck-stewards are not supposed to visit women passengers' cabins in the small hours, or at all.

So the watchman fetched his mate and told him what he had seen; the two of them stood for a while at the end of the little alleyway leading to the cabin, and then, as nothing else happened, one of them went up to the bridge to report that there was a man in Miss Gibson's cabin. He did not say that it was Camb, for, though the latter had a bad reputation among his shipmates for boasting of his conquests of young women travelling in the ship, the watchman did not wish to make trouble for him.

The officer of the watch replied philosophically that it was not for him to interfere with passengers' morals, but he made a note of the report and offered the watchmen any assistance they might need.

By this time the light had gone out in the cabin and there was no sound of movement. Steer and his mate went back to their quarters, one of them recalling that he had heard Camb say to the girl on deck a few hours before, "I've a bone to pick with you, and a big one at that." This, even in the tropics, is an unusual thing for a deck-steward to say to a passenger.

About half-past seven that morning Miss Field, the stewardess, went to No. 126 to call its occupant and, finding the door unbolted, which was unusual, and the cabin empty, decided that Miss Gibson had gone on deck or to the bathroom. Her black pyjamas and her yellow quilted dressing-gown were missing, and the bed, which seemed to have been slept in, was somewhat rumpled. There were some very small stains, apparently blood and lipstick, on the pillow and the top sheet.

As Miss Gibson had still not returned to her cabin by ten o'clock, the stewardess then reported her absence. The captain at once used the ship's broadcasting system to ask for news of her and, when none came, sent out wireless messages to all vessels in the neighbourhood and himself turned the *Dunbar Castle* round in the hope that she might be found somewhere in those shark-filled waters.

After an hour he resumed his course, reporting to Southampton that the girl had disappeared.

### Scratches on Wrist and Neck

Meanwhile he questioned Camb, whose suspected presence in her cabin during the night had been made known to him. The deck-steward denied emphatically that he had been anywhere near B deck after retiring to his own bed in the bowels of the ship at a quarter to one.

But it was noticed that, despite the clammy heat, he was wearing his white jacket over the singlet which was his usual costume, and a number of deep scratches scarred his wrist and the right side of his neck. The ship's doctor invited him next day to be examined, but Camb asked the captain if this was necessary. He was then told that suspicion had fallen on him in connection with the girl's disappearance, and that it might therefore be in his own interests to have the scratches examined.

He agreed, adding as he left the captain's cabin, "Why all this suspicion? Let's get down to bedrock."

To the doctor he explained the marks as due partly to the use of a rough towel, and partly to his having scratched himself in the irritation of a heat rash. In the doctor's opinion, however, the deeper scratches could not be explained by either of these reasons, but might well have been caused by the long, tapering nails of a struggling woman.

Then Camb sent the captain a letter:

"Sir, with reference to your question of yesterday, i.e. my whereabouts at approximately 3.00 a.m. on the 18th, I respectfully beg to state that, after locking my deck pantry at approximately 1.00 a.m., I went forward to the well deck where I sat and smoked. I felt myself dozing off to sleep, so first visited the toilet and then retired. After getting into bed I carried out my usual practice of smoking one cigarette. My last act was to wind my clock, and the time then was a little after 2.00 a.m. I did not leave my cabin again until we were called at 5.45 a.m. I am, Sir, yours faithfully, J. Camb, deck-steward."

### Admitted Going to Cabin

Nothing could be more innocent and, to complete the picture, Camb thought fit also to send the captain another note explaining away his scratches. When the Southampton police came aboard in the early morning of the 25th, he repeated his denial that he had visited Miss Gibson's cabin on the night of her disappearance; later, however, after spending a cheerless day at a police station, he made an admission.

He said that he did go to her cabin about eleven o'clock in the night to ask her if she wanted some lemonade with the glass of rum she had earlier ordered from him: "I saw her in her cabin; she was looking through her luggage for a swimsuit, but she told me she couldn't find it. She went back upstairs, telling me to leave the rum in the usual place."

He was asked to explain why he told

her he had a bone to pick with her, and said that it was because she had asked him to prepare a tea tray for her that afternoon but had not sent for it. The police asked him if he was in the habit of visiting women passengers in their cabins, and he said, "Well, yes. Some of them like us better than the passengers; I've been with them several times on other trips. . . . Of course, if I was found out, I'd get the sack."

Warned that his account of his movements on the night of the girl's death did not square with other information now known to the police, he offered to dictate a full statement.

It was in grim contrast with his earlier stories.

"I have already stated to you," it ran, "that I went to Miss Gibson's cabin at about eleven o'clock on Friday, October 17; and during the course of conversation with her I made an appointment to meet her that night. I knocked at the door after I had finished work about one o'clock, but there was no answer.

"I opened the door of her cabin and found that it was empty. I then went forward to the well deck where I sat for about half an hour smoking.

"I then returned to Miss Gibson's cabin about two o'clock and found her there. After a short conversation I got into bed with her with her consent. . . . She suddenly clutched at me, foaming at the mouth. . . . I felt for her heartbeats, but could not find any. She was at this time very still, and I cannot offer any explanation as to how the bells came to be rung as I definitely did not touch them myself."

### The Test of His Story

One pauses here to remark that the ringing of the bells was the crucial matter which he needed to explain if his story were to be believed.

But neither then nor later was he able to do so. This made his case a classic example of the importance of small surrounding circumstances in proving a man's guilt.

"Thinking she had fainted," his signed statement continued, "I tried artificial respiration on her. While doing this, the night watchman knocked at the door and attempted to open it. I shut the door again, saying it was all right. Then I panicked as I thought he had gone to the bridge to report to the officer of the watch, as I did not want to be found in such a compromising position. I bolted the door, and again tried respiration. After a few minutes I could not find any sign of life.

"After a struggle with the limp body —by the way, she was still wearing her dressing-gown—I managed to lift her to the porthole and pushed her through. I am fairly certain"—*fairly certain!*—"that at the time she was dead, but I was terribly frightened. I then went forward and turned in. The time would be about 3.30 a.m."

When this statement — with that terrible sentence in it, "I am fairly certain that at the time she was dead" —was read over to him, he remarked, "I'm glad to get it off my mind."

### "When She Hit the Water"

Another policeman stated that, later on, Camb said, "It was a hell of a splash when she hit the water. She struggled. I had my hands round her throat and, when I was trying to pull them away, she scratched me. I panicked and threw her out of the porthole."

If he really said this, it was equivalent to a confession that he had murdered her and wholly contradicted the story he had just told; but, for some reason or other, the police did not invite him to repeat it in writing, and therefore it must not be accepted without reserve.

Formally charged with murder, he was committed to take his trial at Winchester Assizes. The trial, however, was postponed till March because the defence wished to bring witnesses from South Africa who, it was hoped, would show among other things that the dead girl had been subject to heart attacks, one of which might have caused her death in the manner described by Camb.

The case came on at last before Mr. Justice Hilbery, with Mr. G. D. Roberts, K.C., leading for the Crown, and Mr. Casswell, K.C., the Recorder of Southampton, leading for the defence.

The prosecution called Dr. Teare, the pathologist, to say that, while there was (in the absence of the body) nothing to prove rape or attempted rape, the stains of blood and saliva on the pillow were, in his view, more consistent with manual strangulation than with death from a heart attack induced by asthma or any other complaint, such as was suggested by Camb's major story.

Since Camb was obliged to confess that, for a week after the girl's death, he had consistently lied about the night's happenings, he was in great difficulty in answering Mr. Roberts's first question in cross-examination: "Would you describe yourself as a truthful man?" This is the sort of question which is very effective in jury trials, even if it does not assist very materially to establish the facts of a case.

Asked why he had not fetched the doctor when he thought that Miss Gibson was in a faint, he had to admit that his only real concern was his own safety.

There came the unanswerable questions about the bells. "I can't suggest how they were rung," Camb replied lamely.

"Did you have to work quickly then, to silence her before the bell was answered?" Mr. Roberts asked.

"I didn't have to silence her at all, sir," said Camb.

"I suggest that is what you did," Mr. Roberts insisted, "and got those scratches on your right wrist."

"No, sir," said Camb. But the jury could now see the picture plainly.

### Woman Doctor's Evidence

A number of witnesses were called by Mr. Casswell to say that Miss Gibson had suffered from heart attacks from time to time, and three of her friends from South Africa spoke of her life there, which, if they were correct, was not quite so unsophisticated as the prosecution had suggested.

One of them, for example, a woman doctor, said that the girl had told her in July that she feared she might be pregnant, and the doctor had advised her in any event to buy the contraceptive which was found in a suitcase in her cabin. These witnesses were vigorously cross-examined. In any case, their evidence did not materially damage the prosecution's case. Not only the innocent are entitled to refuse the unwelcome attentions of a deck-steward!

Finally, Professor Webster, a pathologist who had first been called in by the Director of Public Prosecutions but who had been tendered by the prosecution to the other side, stated that the stains on the pillow were wholly consistent with a heart attack, as described in Camb's statement and his evidence. The witness had nevertheless to concede that they were also consistent with strangulation.

It took the jury only three-quarters of an hour to declare Camb guilty of murder.

He was formally asked if he had anything to say before sentence was passed. "My Lord," he replied, "at the opening of this case I was asked to plead guilty or not guilty. I pleaded not guilty, and I repeat that statement."

Then the judge passed sentence of death in the old horrible formula, and the chaplain added the usual "Amen."

### Appeal Quashed—But Was Reprieved

Camb and another convicted murderer, a gipsy named Joseph Smith, lay under sentence of death at the time of the debate in Parliament about the continuance of the death-sentence. Smith was at once reprieved, as was Camb on April 30, 1948, after his appeal against his conviction had been dismissed by the Court of Criminal Appeal.

It may be that some people still harbour doubts about his guilt. They perhaps imagine, as many did when the circumstances of the case were first published, that a conviction for murder is, or ought to be, impossible in the absence of the body of the victim. This belief has no weight whatever. Once the surrounding circumstances establish that a man has killed, the mere disposal of the body cannot exculpate him.

Certainly nobody in modern times is likely to be convicted on the mere suspicion that a murder has been done and in the absence of a body. Justice demands that the death shall be established beyond any possible shadow of doubt. So far as Camb is concerned, nobody can attempt to deny that the wretched girl died in the early hours of October 18 and that her body was thrown to the sharks: Camb's own story shows who was responsible for her vanishing.

Far from the absence of her body tending to assist his defence, it had precisely the opposite effect. If his account of her death had been true, any doctor would have confirmed this by viewing the corpse; his disposal of it raised a strong presumption that the last thing he wanted was for anybody to see its condition.

That (as he claimed) he panicked after he found she was dead was at least as consistent with his having strangled her as with her having died from a heart attack.

But the trial did not turn on the medical evidence, though the defence sought to make this the major issue.

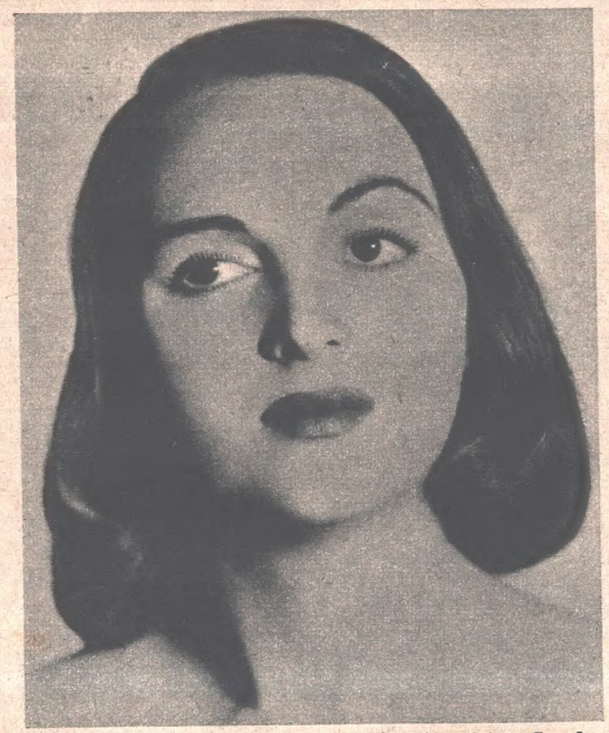
What Camb could not possibly explain away was, first, the scratches he received that night and, secondly, the ringing of the two bells. Certainly he did not ring them, either accidentally or intentionally. Then who did? There was nobody else there but the girl and he.

The only reasonable explanation of their ringing is the one which the prosecution put forward and which the jury and the Court of Criminal Appeal accepted, namely, that the wretched girl rang them herself when she realized that Camb was intent on raping her.

One remembers Edgar Allan Poe's lines:

*"Oh, the bells, bells, bells,*
*What a tale their terror tells!"*

It was *their* wordless evidence which convicted James Camb of the murder of "Gay" Gibson.



"GAY" GIBSON: Witnesses spoke of her life in South Africa. Their accounts put her in a different light

JAMES CAMB: Two things he could not possibly explain—the scratches he got; the ringing of the bells

# And Now—What of Cricket's Future?

*by JOHN ARLOTT*

**Though we've lost the rubber, the Test matches have revived popular interest in cricket. Here John Arlott examines our future prospects from the "nursery" end—league cricket**

THE STANDARD OF league cricket and its relationship to county cricket are important factors to be considered if we hope to redeem this season's failure in that higher sphere—Test matches.

It is impossible to discuss league cricket — the Saturday-only stuff — in isolation, without realizing the complex but close connection between cricket and cricketers everywhere.

Thus the junior clubs of a county are reflected in the county side. Conversely, a lowering of standard or the loss of outstanding players in a representative side will be echoed in a general falling off in the cricket of the entire area.

In 1919 that great enthusiast and gambler, Jimmy White, backed the Rochdale Club in engaging Cecil Parkin as its professional. Parkin was then one of the three best bowlers in England. He left county cricket to go to Rochdale for £15 a week and a benefit match.

Since then, many great cricketers still in their heyday have joined league clubs. Some have gone to clubs in Yorkshire, several at one time went to the Blackpool Club in the Ribblesdale League; but most of the big names have been found in the Lancashire and Central Lancashire Leagues.

The cricket in these leagues provides rare excitement on Saturday afternoons—the cricket is invariably fast and thrilling with great feats performed to force a finish. Nowhere else in England are such crowds to be found at Saturday afternoon matches—many county clubs would be glad of such gates.

The star professional players are highly paid. At least two of them are now getting £30 a match—£600 for less than five months' work—plus collections and a benefit. Fifty or a hundred runs, five or more wickets at a respectable average, entitle a professional to a collection among the spectators—which may amount to as much as £50.

A few players could command £1,200 for a summer's work of Saturday afternoon league matches and coaching in the nets on two evenings of each summer week. This is more than any Test match player in the world earns—by many more days of playing. Yet, even with such wages, the league clubs show a profit.

### More than a Living

At first sight this appears a rosy picture indeed, but any conclusion must depend largely upon our outlook.

It would hardly be logical to expect one of those spectators, who watch Lancashire league cricket so happily, to condemn the system. On the other hand there is the view of the man who has *entered into* cricket.

To enter into cricket, whether as a six-day-a-week player, as an umpire, or as one of the lads who pulls the roller, whether as administrator, Test selector or devout spectator, is to move into something which is more than a living or a game. First-class cricket is a *life*. Whether or not it is a worthwhile life is a matter for each man to settle for himself, but that it *is* a life for many is certain.

For one whose life is cricket there is only one test to be applied to any cricket problem—"Is it good for cricket?" In that context, "cricket" means not only the match on Stratfield Turgis green and England versus Australia, but also any Kenya Kongonis' tour. From this standpoint league cricket looks different.

When the next English team visits Australia, six players who would otherwise be in the running for the Australian team will be employed by Lancashire League clubs—Alley, Dooland, Pepper, Grieve, Tribe and Freer.

C. G. Pepper, Australian lost to Australia: he's a league man here

India, in her comparatively short cricket history, has had three outstanding bowlers—Amar Singh, Amarnath and Mankad. Amar Singh went permanently to league cricket, Mankad is about to do so, and Amarnath accepted terms but did not discharge them.

George Headley, the greatest West Indies batsman, and the three best West Indies bowlers—Constantine, Francis and Martindale—all went to Lancashire leagues. They have now been followed by Worrell. The best bowler New Zealand has produced was the googly bowler Merritt—taken into league cricket.

Given a wicketkeeper, those players could make up a team capable of challenging, and possibly beating, a present-day Test team.

Bradman and Miller refused very tempting league terms, and Barnes just got out in time to be included in Bradman's 1948 party.

English cricket has not come off scot-free: that earlier Sidney Barnes, probably the finest English bowler of this century, played away his best cricketing years in the leagues, and so, to a lesser degree, did Cecil Parkin, another Test bowler.

At the present time Alf Pope, who might well otherwise be supplying England's sore need of an all-rounder, is in league cricket in Yorkshire. If the Northants players Oldfield and Nutter, formerly of Lancashire, had not lost 1946 and 1947 in the leagues either or both might be in the England side.

Big cricket is the poorer for the loss of all these men. New Zealand and West Indies cricket today are suffering from the loss of their finest players who, by performance and example, would have done much for their countries.

Learie Constantine has ably argued the case of the league clubs in providing the great cricketer with an honest wage in proportion to his value as an entertainer.

My answer is not one arguable in pounds, shillings and pence. It is expressed strongly and silently by the continued presence in first-class cricket of the great players who played the Tests of this season—at less than league wages. Their cricket expresses a man in a game—and there is joy in playing it.

What is the other side of the medal?

Have the leagues where the highly paid stars are engaged given anything to replace what they have taken?

One day's cricket a week is not sufficient to keep any player, however good at anything, near his peak—certainly not at Test match standard. Those men who go into the leagues go automatically out of Test match cricket. Those who try to play Test cricket from the leagues prove this point beyond any doubt.

### Monopolize the Play

Now, the professionals are the stars of the leagues. Matches between league clubs are apt to develop into single combat between the professionals—to turn upon the success or failure of two men. The captain will hesitate to take off a bowler who has taken four wickets when one more will gain him a collection, or to declare his innings closed short of the player's fifty or hundred or his achieving some record season's aggregate.

Generally speaking, the pro., if he is in form, will bowl at one end throughout his team's fielding spell and may well bat at one end almost throughout their innings.

Young cricketers tend to be dwarfed by the great men. Often they are sent, too young, to the fielding positions which the professionals exploit in first-class cricket.

In first-class cricket these places are filled by men whose reflexes are sharpened by experience—and six-day-a-week play. For the young Saturday afternoon player they are dangerous to limb and confidence.

As I looked at random at the Lancashire eleven on the day I wrote this article I found in it the name of only one player developed by one of the teams dominated by a famous professional.

Let the league clubs have their professionals, by all means. But, surely, it is not too much to suggest that they might engage experienced English cricketing veterans *just too old* for county cricket—but still able to acquit themselves well one afternoon a week.

Long experience in that shrewdest of schools has almost invariably equipped the ex-county pro. to be an adviser and coach of the young, and he can thus become a valuable member of a team *and a club*.

I believe that such a general practice would engender less bitterness among those who have given their lives to cricket in the Dominions and it would leave cricket in those Dominions the richer.

At the same time the clubs would have their great names, old cricketers would reap an honest reward for their services to the wider game, and the young club players would be more likely to develop.

All cricket is inter-related: none is isolated. If one section takes too greedily the others will suffer.

And if we're to win future Tests, selfish sectional interests must be damped.

John Bull photograph by William Kemp

***Rudolf Bing brings music and drama to Edinburgh. These may show a loss at present—but there are compensating factors***

# FESTIVAL MAESTRO

## *by HUBERT COLE*

LAST YEAR, EDINBURGH lost £20,000 on its initial International Festival of Music and Drama. This year the deficit on the three-weeks' season is estimated at some £25,000.

In return for this, the capital of hard-headed Scotland will take another great stride towards its goal of becoming a second Salzburg, a rallying point for the world's best music and drama, an art centre unique in Scottish and British history.

Every day from August 22 until September 12, three concert halls and three theatres will be presenting opera, concerts by eight orchestras under nine conductors, chamber music by two string quartettes and two trios, three choirs, twenty-four soloists and recitalists, three dramatic companies and a ballet.

Responsible not only for the musical features which form the core of the Festival but also for inspiring the Festival itself is Austrian-born Rudolf Bing. Bing is a phenomenon less rare on the Continent than in this country: possibly because the Continent has a continuous tradition of good music with wide popular support, while we have encouraged the best only spasmodically, and then under the patronage of the few.

Composed af an expensive and highly individualistic collection of stars, conductors, executants and orchestras, the world of music is a whirlpool of temperament and a financial quicksand. To bring it to the public there is the recurring need for an artist who can produce great music within commercial limitations, for a business man who can resist the temptation to prostitute art for profit: a nice combination of sense and sensibility, artist and accountant.

Bing was born to the job. His family were successful Viennese industrialists; he was reared in an atmosphere of music. Before Hitler's day, Bing was manager of the Städtishe Oper in Berlin.

When in 1934, John Christie built next to his Glyndebourne, Sussex, home, a theatre specially designed for opera, Bing was appointed manager. It was a perfect opportunity. Unlimited rehearsals, the most modern facilities. Opera had never before been produced under such ideal conditions in England.

### Sorted Out Coupon Problems

The war turned Glyndebourne into a nursery school. Bing, through one of the former patrons, was offered a job in a West End store, sorting out coupon problems for harassed mothers. He was shortly managing the store, but the end of the war gave him the opportunity to return to music.

He arranged to re-open Glyndebourne with Benjamin Britten's *Rape of Lucretia*; but Glyndebourne could not continue to present opera in a world of increased prices and decreased public spending money. This season, except for a series of concerts, Glyndebourne has rested.

Bing had already proposed that Edinburgh should hold a Festival of Music and Drama. A guarantee fund of £60,000 was raised. After two years of preparation, he was ready to stage the Festival in 1947.

The total cost of the opera was £30,000. This included two weeks' rental of the King's Theatre, installation of a complete lighting bridge, transport of electrical equipment from Glyndebourne to Edinburgh and weeks of intensive rehearsal.

All this, for a single season of three weeks, was bound to be uncommercial. Hence the overall loss of £20,000 for the whole Festival.

The mechanics of planning a Festival are simple, according to Bing. First you must decide whether it is to be national or international. At Edinburgh it was to be international.

If it is to be international you must have opera. After that you need orchestras, soloists, chamber music, ballet and drama. You pick your orchestras: six British and two foreign this year. You engage your pianists, violinists and singers. You invite your conductors: nine for the twenty concerts. You ask your conductors to submit programmes.

Then you get a large piece of paper and fit the items into the available halls and theatres.

### Americans Too Expensive

It is in carrying out the plan that snags arise. Bing has already engaged the four leading orchestras of Europe: French and Austrian last year, Dutch and Italian this. He would like to get American orchestras for next year, but doubts whether he can meet their price.

He does not expect that Americans are as interested in subsidizing culture for export as Europeans are. He whimsically wonders whether they might be imported as a part of E.R.P.

From the conductors, invariably dispersed in the uttermost parts of the world, he gets the suggested programmes, each of which inevitably includes Brahms' First Symphony and Beethoven's Fourth. Bing has to cajole them into accepting something else suggested by the programme committee.

This year he has been left with only one duplication, Debussy's *La Mer*, which the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam is determined to play at the beginning of the season and the Augusteo Orchestra of Rome to repeat towards the end. Bing travelled both to Amsterdam and to Rome to try to break the deadlock, but confesses failure.

A festival town, Bing says, must have three things: beauty and tradition; suitable facilities in the way of concert halls and theatres; suitable accommodation for visitors in hotels, and attractive surrounding scenery for them to visit. Edinburgh is the only place to fulfil all these requirements.

There remains the problem of why the hard-headed Scots of Edinburgh are willing to lose thousands a year on the Festival. One answer, and no doubt the most important, is that they are adding new lustre to the fame of their city, bringing the artistic beauties of the present to be displayed among the architectural beauties of the past. They are creating a musical centre such as neither Scotland nor England has ever known before.

There may also be a subsidiary answer. Though it is none of Bing's business, he has been told that each of last year's 60,000 visitors stayed an average of three days and spent an average of £5 a day. That multiplies out at £900,000—all flow into Edinburgh during the three weeks between August 22 and September 12.



# Spotters

**Chaps collecting engine numbe miles to track down a missing l as conkers ever was, and bett Spotter, a Club and a gentleman**

**What's the Chief Spotter say about th**

YOU CAN TELL it's Saturday morning at the Howarths by the way Terence, aged twelve, rushes through his breakfast. He drags on his Emmanuel School blazer and dashes round to call for his pal, Brian David, who lives a few doors lower down Heythorpe Street, Southfields.

Then the two of them are off to Clapham Junction to meet Roy Osmond, coming up from Bridge Lane, Battersea, and get down to the really serious business of the week.

I found them perched in a row on their usual box at the tip of platform ten—an island surrounded by the roar and rattle of trains. Boys, twenty or thirty of them, swirled and whirled around the box like flies in summer.

They ranged from two-year-olds, firmly held in hand by their fathers, to graver, more dignified boys in their late teens.

Saturday morning spotting was in full swing.

And you know that at that very moment all over the land, on a hundred other platforms from Edinburgh to Exeter, leaning over footbridges in the suburbs, hanging on level crossing gates in the country, perched in rows on the tops of walls or crouched solitary in the tall grass of embankments, other boys,

# always find their engines!

*by HARRY HOPKINS*

rs think nothing of travelling nk. Here's a hobby as popular r organized: there's a Chief 's agreement with the railways

t one? Ian Allan books settle disputes

tens and tens of thousands of them, were clutching other notebooks.

It's an impressive thing, this spotting. Almost as impressive as football pools.

A wave of excitement rippled across the tip of platform ten.

"The Devon Belle's coming down," said Terence. With the ease and polish of the expert, Roy jotted down the number in his notebook. He was sporting a blue-and-white prefect badge in his buttonhole. "There are five Belles—but that's the only one with an observation car," he explained.

The boys overflowed with railway lore. "The Southern electrics are no good," pronounced Roy, judicially. "I started collecting, but I got fed up. There're too many, coming left and right all the time." He paused to remove from his eye a piece of cinder thrown up by a passing express.

"The Great Western engines are like matchboxes on wheels," said Terence scornfully. "We don't think much of the new colour scheme either . . . the engines a *sickly* green and the coaches plums-and-custard."

On some Saturdays the boys made a day of it and travelled for their spotting to Euston or King's Cross. Then there was the number eleven platform at Waterloo and the Stewarts Lane Goods Depot and the queer little electric engines they call co-cos at Nine Elms. You have to have a permit to go in there really, but there's also a low wall which is easy to climb over.

A relatively new spotter, Brian's score now stands at around 400 Southern engines, 150 L.N.E.R., 60 L.M.S. and 20 G.W.R. But he says that some of the big boys at his school have nearly got the whole twenty thousand.

Put on their mettle by a missing link in their number chain, spotters will go to no end of trouble to find out where the elusive engine is shedded. Then they think nothing of travelling a hundred miles to some station where they can watch it go by, and "collect" it.

### It Was a Bit Too Much

Until recently Tamworth, a Midland town of 7,500 people strategically well-placed for spotting operations, was one of the main centres of juvenile pilgrimage. The platforms of the small station were black with spotters, gathered from the four points of the compass. Finally, the long-suffering railway authorities could stand it no longer. An edict was composed and sent off to the printers:

NOTICE

ENGINE-SPOTTING AT TAMWORTH

The number of boys visiting Tamworth Station for the purpose of engine-spotting has reached such proportions as to interfere with the operation of the station and endanger the safety of the boys themselves. The station will therefore in future be closed to boys wishing to use it for that purpose.

No man would seek to plumb the mysterious laws by which juvenile crazes come and go. Conkers rage through the land and then, one day, suddenly, are gone; stamp-collecting strikes a million homes; model-making takes over the woodshed. But this spotting epidemic—always a regular visitor—has now attained a virulence quite unprecedented.

Numerous adults, even those of the most solid and solemn mien, have caught the infection. Clergymen, for some reason, are particularly susceptible.

One explanation, no doubt, is the peculiar magic of the railway engine. But the bizarre activities of a certain young man of Staines, Middlesex, are even more responsible.

The name Ian Allan may not convey very much to you or me. But to a large section of the future citizens of this island today it conveys a good deal more than the name of Clement Attlee. Spotters talk of Ian Allan with bated breath. They write to him in the same reverent spirit that clubmen write to *The Times*.

Among the spotters on platform ten, I commanded considerable respect. Because the day before, I had not only talked to Ian Allan, the Chief Spotter, but actually had lunch with him.

It is now my privilege to report that Ian Allan is six feet two inches high, wears a blue suit, has a humorous twinkle in his eyes, and talks in that slow, lazy way some tall people have. At first glance, he looks rather like an outsize spotter, but he is, in fact, twenty-six, married, founder and director of a prosperous publishing enterprise.

It is an extraordinary story. Seven years ago, Ian Allan was a junior in the advertising department of the Southern Railway—a job he liked because he still had a good deal of the railway enthusiasm of his youth.

As a child he had been a tremendous spotter. His father, travelling down from Staines to Brighton, would drop him at Horsham, leave him perched on the top of a wall, in the care of the signalman, to be collected on the way back, gloating over pages full of new engine numbers.

In the Southern's offices Allan was now able to prepare the thing he'd always wanted as a child: a complete up-to-the-minute list of Southern locomotive numbers. When he told his colleagues he'd decided to print it as a book, they laughed. Allan went ahead. He thought he knew his spotters.

He printed two thousand booklets. They sold out. He printed five thousand. They sold out. The letters began to pour in. "Dear Mr. Allan, Can you please say where No. 5609 has gone to?" "Dear Mr. Allan, My friend, Bill Smith, says . . . but I say. . . . Am I right, please?" Soon Allan was getting five hundred letters a day.

As the letters continued to pour in, Allan, who had resigned from the Southern, had his inspiration. Why not organize a Spotters' Club, with badges in four different colours ("Choose-your-favourite-railway"), membership cards, groups, quizzes, rallies and the rest of it?

Since then two and a half million Ian Allan books of numbers and transport lore have been produced in an attempt to meet a demand which seems almost insatiable. Replete with inter-communication phones and a staff of thirty, the three-floor H.Q. office of the Spotters' Club in the Vauxhall Bridge Road has become the Mecca of the twelve-year-olds of Britain. The club has forty thousand members.

### Piping Voices on the Phone

At first the railways viewed this unlooked-for departure in their public relations with some concern. Chief engineers, after all, needed time to accustom themselves to being rung up by piping voices, inquiring politely where such and such an engine was shedded. Stationmasters were at first disturbed to find once-drowsy platforms suddenly swarming with passengers in school caps who were hardly ever known to board a train.

Boys popped up suddenly in the middle of great engine sheds, or appeared out of the tall grass of embankments clutching their notebooks. Drivers began to get spotters before their eyes.

In the end, the mature wisdom of the British Railways prevailed. Counter-attack was, they saw, quite hopeless. In self-protection, they began to co-operate with Ian Allan, docilely answering spotters' clubs' letters, supplying lecturers from their staffs, granting permits.

In return, Ian Allan exacts from his followers a solemn pledge that they will not trespass or be a nuisance or otherwise interfere with the operation of the railways on pain of ignominious expulsion from the Spotters' Club.

Today the Spotters' Club is still growing at the rate of a hundred new members a week. And there are plenty of new numerological fields to conquer. The Allan empire has already pushed out into the numerology of London Transport, Midland Red buses, airliners, and now—fire-engines.

### There's Something About an Engine

Nevertheless, none of these deviations has enjoyed anything like the success of the train number books. It seems that despite 600-m.p.h. jet planes, despite all the wonders of twentieth-century science, there is still something about a plain, ordinary railway engine.

But that is blasphemy. To a spotter, no railway engine is either plain or ordinary.

"A train in motion," says Canon Eric Treacy, of Keighley, one of the leading ecclesiastical spotters, "is one of the most exciting and satisfying sights in the world."

"Trains?" said Ian Allan. "You see trains are *alive*! And a boy can get right up to a train. He can't do that with a plane."

Altogether, Ian Allan's inspiration has worked out nicely all round. The British Railways gain a vast unpaid public relations staff, the boys themselves get a lot of good fun and excitement, their parents a few hours of peace and quiet.

Every six months railway changes call for another new edition of the Ian Allan number books. Far from killing spotting with standardization, nationalisation, demanding wholesale re-numbering, has brought an unexpected windfall.

The customers, it is true, have a certain tendency to grow up, and that might be considered disadvantagous, but as fast as one generation gets into long pants and throws away its number books, a new season's crop of spotters is being taken toddling up the platform on that first insidious trip to "see the engine."

The platform's all right, but when chaps pop out suddenly along the line . . .

HITCH HIKER: from page 8

heart was slowing down, when suddenly it set off again as out of the earth at my feet there came a low, muted squeak:

"Everything all right, mate?"

Suddenly I remembered the tramp.

I bent down and saw one of the little side tubes you get on boilers (the safety valve was buried right underneath).

"What's up, mate?" asked the voice. I heard a little yap, and after that the voice whispering softly to the dog.

I gave a knock on the tube:

"Are you okay?"

"Yeh, we're all right, mate, except for a scratch or two——," came the answer. "I fancy Jerry might have got a bit of a shock when we had that little bump. It was sudden, see, and he's nervous. By the way, where are we?"

"Buried."

"Oh, I see," he said, "—buried."

"That's right," I said, glad that he took my word for it without asking any details, "—you're buried in a field."

"Ah, that must be why it's gone even blacker in here."

"The old boiler's upside-down," I said.

It was what you call reassuring to talk to him, he was so cool and collected.

"That accounts for the loss of our warm spot," he said. "We'd made one spot nice an' warm an' I've been feeling all over for it, but now I understand where it's gone—it's on the ceiling."

"You'll have plenty of time to warm another," I said. "I'm off now to see if I can get some help."

I trudged back to a farmhouse, about half a mile away, but I couldn't make anybody hear me and there was a dog kept barking and howling when I went round the back and it gave a leap against its chain that scared me, so that I dashed off, fell over a heap of coal and got scratched going through a hawthorn hedge.

THE moon was out when I got back and the old trailer looked a proper sight, with its four wheels in the air and the ugly black boiler under it.

I kicked the boiler.

"Hallo?" piped Charlie.

"You're unlucky, pal," I said. "I can't get any help or anything to eat."

"Fair enough!" He hesitated: "Seen my old bundle?"

"Yep, it's in my cab."

"Well, listen——," and he told me what to do.

I opened the bundle and got some nice dry sticks out and I made a little fire on a girder at the back of the lorry. I got a tea-can of water from the stream that gushed alongside the road and I set it on the fire, and when it was boiling I got his tea and sugar out and spilled a good brewing into it. When I tasted the tea it was scalding hot, sweet and real thick —a gradely brew of char.

I hadn't forgotten old Charlie, and I went round to him with the can, after bulling it up with a drop more water, and I left some sliced potatoes heating up for him. I hadn't realized that I wouldn't be able to get the can through the narrow tubing, but being used to siphoning petrol out of my tank I was soon back with the long rubber siphon, and I got an end down to him and put the other in the can of tea and told him to suck.

Blimey, he hadn't half a suck on him! "Hold fast, mate," he said, "while I give Jerry the wetting of his lips." And after that I manipulated him a few sliced potatoes through, and altogether he didn't do bad.

"You'd better make yourselves comfortable for the night," I told him, "because it looks like you'll be there till morning."

"Has it stopped raining?" he asked.

I thought it was about the first useless thing he had said, because I couldn't see what difference it would make to him, but I suppose it was a sort of matey thing to ask. But I didn't have time to answer him, for the next thing I heard a steam-wagon coming down the hill, and I ran to see if I could get a lift to a telephone box or something so as to let the boss know why I was going to be late in.

I KNEW the wagon at once, it belonged to Deddy's of Dorton, and I knew the driver was a bloke called Snoggy, Alf Snoggy, that was known as The Camel. I gave a yell after him, and just chased along to see if I could get a lift.

"Lift?" he said. "Lift?—'ave you got any water?"

He was absolutely sozzled, and his mate was asleep. They called him The Camel because it was said that he could drink about ten pints of wallop and drive for twelve hours at one go without making a stop for food or anything.

"The fusing-plug has just steamed off," he said, "an' put the fire out." (On steam wagons you had a plug that blowed off when the boiler ran dry and it would put the fire out with a jet of steam, so as to prevent the whole caboodle blowing up.)

"There's any amount of water here," I said, "—give us your bucket."

Well, to cut a long story short, we got the old wagon filled up with water and then Snoggy said: "We'd be all right if we had a fire now——"

"I've got one on the back of my lorry," I said.

"You don't happen to have a couple of bags of coal do you, mate?" asked Snoggy, "because we used the last cob five minutes since."

I thought for a minute.

I could feel there was a chance of everything panning out okay.

I took Snoggy by the sleeve and brought him up to the spot where my trailer and boiler were: "Any chance of shifting them, Snoggy?"

Snoggy had a look at them.

"Child's play, mate," he said, "—if only we had some coal. If I could get steam up, mate, I'd——"

"Have you any bags?"

"Plenty."

"Get a couple," I said, "and come with me."

Snoggy tried to waken his mate, but it was no use.

"Come on," I said. I just had the feeling that if I got cracking before any cops came everything would be all right.

"Let's have a drink first," said Snoggy. He whisked out a couple of quart bottles of ale.

"I don't mind if I do," I said, and, swigging the ale at intervals, I took him back to the farm where I had tripped over the heap of coal.

The chained-up dog set off with a riot of barking when we got there, but that didn't trouble Snoggy, and I felt better able to stand up to it after the quart of ale. Whether they were all dead in the house I couldn't say, but nobody came, and we filled the bags, scraping the coal in with our hands and then made off back along the road.

It was a stiff jag and our knees were knocking a bit when we got back to the steam-wagon. Of course, we had another quart of ale apiece (Snoggy carefully breaking each bottle when it was empty and replacing it in its case, which meant "broken in transit"). The bit of low fire had now to be fanned up with our caps and then shovelled into the fire-hole and coal heaped over it, and then the draught did the trick.

In a short time he had got steam up, and then Snoggy backed to where my boiler and trailer were and took a big chain from under his flat and fastened it round the nearside of the trailer and through the boiler bindings and then hooked it over his own back axle. After that he manoeuvred the wagon sort of skew-whiff across the road and called out to me: "You just watch this, mate—it's never been known to fail!"

Dithering in my overalls I watched. He began with a sharp, short tug and then dropped back and tugged again, with the chains and everything groaning all the time until I was afraid they would snap, but Snoggy knew what he was doing, and when he had got the boiler rocking, as it were, he let out a yell, "Here goes!" and with one terrific wrench he leapt forward.

I watched the trailer turning down wards and I closed my eyes and listened for the crash of the wheels—but the hedge must have taken some of the weight, and all I heard was a thud and Snoggy's cry:

"Howzat, mate?"

I opened my eyes—there was my trailer standing on its four wheels, with the boiler safe on top of it. The whole thing was shaking, and I was nervous of going near, but Snoggy jumped out and ran up to it, surveying his nifty bit of work with pride.

"Howzat?" he yelled again.

"Just the job!" came the answer from the top valve of the boiler. It was Charlie with his head stuck out.

Snoggy nearly collapsed with shock. He looked at me and pointed a shaky finger at Charlie.

"Who's 'im?" he croaked.

I knew I had to think quick. I knew that if the tale got round of my boiler going over with a tramp inside I would surely get the sack.

"Who's who?"

"'Im! 'Im!" gasped Snoggy. "—'im with 'is flamin' noodle stuck out of the boiler!"

I stared blindly at Charlie, screwed my eyes up.

"Can't see nothin'," I said.

"Didn't you 'ear it?"

"'Ear what?"

SNOGGY took one more glance at Charlie, then grabbed his tow-chain and made off for his wagon. With one fierce hiss of steam he was off down the road —though not before I'd stuck my hand in and nabbed a bottle of ale. I shoved it up to Charlie, for I felt he deserved it.

"Like to come in the cab?" I asked.

"Good health!" he took a swig. "I think we'll do where we are," he said.

"Get down then," I said, "before anybody sees you."

"So long!" he disappeared into the boiler.

I reversed my lorry, hitched the trailer on, and after wiping the soil off the boiler I set off steady for home. Everything went nice and smooth and when I came to a quiet stretch of road outside Liverpool I drew to a halt, went round the trailer and tapped on the boiler with a spanner.

"You can get out now, Charlie," I shouted.

"Will you just take Jerry?" he called.

I hopped on the trailer and reached up for the dog, then Charlie got out after.

"Nice morning," he said, dusting his clothes. "Where is this?"

"Aintree," I said, "just outside Liverpool."

He peeked at the label on the boiler: "Hongkong," he said, "going to Hongkong. I've never been there."

"Come on, Charlie," I said, "you'd better get off here."

"Aintree? Did you say Aintree?"

I nodded.

"Thanks," he said, "we'll be able to see the Grand National."

"Blimey, mate," I said, "you'll have some time to wait!"

"Oh, we can hang around," he said casually, rubbing his dog and helping it to stretch its legs, "we ain't got nothing special on, an' I've often said I'd like to see a National. Cheerio!"

He gave a wave of his hand to me and set off down the road with his dog. I watched him go, and then I climbed back in my seat and I drove off to Prince Edward Dock with the boiler.

"This is the greatest plea for racial tolerance I've ever read . . . but I'm afraid it will offend too many people"

THE HUMAN MACHINE

## Never Mind the Odds

by ROFFE THOMPSON

WE'RE often accused of being a nation of gamblers, and I suppose to some extent the cap fits.

The strange fact is that a man will cheerfully back a horse he knows nothing about, yet is reluctant to back himself—though about himself he knows a great deal.

Even if the bookmakers tell him the chances of a horse winning a race are thirty-three to one against, he often thinks he knows better and has a go. But he's apt to lose this adventurous spirit when it comes to himself, and meekly accept as true the odds the world hangs round his neck.

Odds are only what other people think, and a man who believes in himself can generally snap his fingers at them. If jockeys and horses didn't try just because people thought they hadn't a chance, favourites would win every time.

Remember what I've just said: If they didn't *try*. . . .

John Leckenby, holiday grass widower, washes up. Delay's fatal he says

# FREE SPEECH

*Tips for husbands holding the fort while the family's away; a question about cigarettes; and a complaint about shoes*

HERE ARE A FEW TIPS for poor blighters of husbands who can't go on holidays with their wives and children:

1. Use one cup, saucer, plate, knife and fork, and wash them up *immediately* after use. Otherwise, the kitchen of a restaurant will seem like an oasis compared with yours.

2. Lock up every room not in use and dust those in use daily—otherwise you'll have to dig yourself out before your wife returns.

3. Bang the doors when you come in at night—just to let the neighbours know. They have a habit of rendering a report to the wife on your conduct during her absence.

4. Meet your wife and children at the station on their return. It will help you if there are any "inquests."—JOHN LECKENBY, 91 Lindley Street, Acomb Road, York.

### Sixpence for Twenty

THOUSANDS OF CIGARETTE smokers must be tantalized by the lavish display of well-known brands offered as prizes at amusement fairs. If you're lucky, you can get a packet of twenty for the modest outlay of sixpence.

Where do these cigarettes come from when tobacconists are so often out of stock?—A. CAIRNS, 97 Rose Street, Edinburgh, 2.

### Two Pounds a Pair

COUPON-FREE FOOTWEAR WILL CAUSE no stampede to the shops, believe me—so long as prices remain the same. I have just paid £2 for a pair of shoes for my fourteen-year-old son and 12s. 9d. for sandals for my twenty-two month old baby. I think these prices prohibitive.—MRS. MONICA SCREEN, Woodlands, Powke Lane, Blackheath, Birmingham.

### The Extra Year at School . . .

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT benefit children are receiving from the raising of the school-leaving age to fifteen.

I find fourteen-year-olds still at school are resentful and determined not to work, and make teachers' lives a misery. They set a bad example to younger children and the whole standard of behaviour in schools is lowered.

Either let's have properly equipped centres for training in crafts, domestic work and citizenship or let the fourteen-year-olds leave school—as most of them seem to want to.—TEENAGE SCHOOLMARM. (Full name and address enclosed.)

### . . . Is It Being Wasted?

RECENTLY I VISITED an elementary school in a working-class district. It's fairly certain that, soon, most of the boys will go into the local shipyards as apprentice painters, blacksmiths, electricians and plumbers.

Yet I found these lads learning to make Yorkshire pudding in a cookery class!

This seems to me a waste of their time and the ratepayers' money.—W. ATKINSON, 40 Westbury Street, Millfield, Sunderland, Co. Durham.

### Bananas for the Tardy

*Mrs. D. Surridge*

TARDY housewives seem to get the pick of things in the shops. Last week I had to stay at the house late. When I went out to shop I found bunches of bananas for sale. Another day, again late, I found I could take my pick of real English liver. Why is this? And how about the poor woman who has to go to work and must do her shopping on the way early in the morning?—MRS. D. SURRIDGE, 418 Bromley Road, Bromley, Kent.

### Mothers Who Fuss

YOU CANNOT SHIELD your children for ever," says Herbert Hodge (JOHN BULL, July 31). Too many mothers take it for granted that unless their children are grimly warned of the perils besetting the unwary they will inevitably step off the straight and narrow path. Surely parents need to have a little faith in their own flesh and blood? Credit children with having absorbed home influence and a sense of decency, and assume they will live up to your expectations—instead of anticipating the worst.—M. STOWE, 34 Evenley, Brackley, Northants.

### Let Us Sit Down!

SINCE STANDING SEEMS inevitable in long-distance trains, British Railways should install tip-up seats in corridors. This would alleviate the discomfort of passengers crowded out of compartments without congesting corridors any more than at present.—R. RUBITCH, 40 Clinton Road, London, E.3.

### Stalin and Hitler . . .

EDWARD CRANKSHAW SAYS comparisons between Hitler and Stalin are misleading (JOHN BULL, July 31). I wonder.

Certainly Stalin knows how to blow hot and cold, just as Hitler did. And there is this important point: Stalin has Hitler's experience to draw on.—MRS. N. HUMPHRIES, 40 Risingholme Road, Wealdstone, Middx.

### . . . Joe's a Capitalist!

A THOUGHTFUL ARTICLE was spoilt by Edward Crankshaw's assumption that Communism really exists in Russia. The social system prevailing in Russia is not Communism but state capitalism, and Stalin's aspirations arise from the need for Russian capitalism to acquire new markets, trade routes and points of strategic importance.—F. HAWKINS, 27 Jedburgh Street, London, S.W.11.

### What, No Postman's Knock?

LETTERBOXES SHOULD BE fixed to garden gates. It's a criminal waste of time and manpower for postmen to have to walk up to front doors—sometimes up long drives.—BERNARD HEATH, 117 Windermere Road, London, S.W.16.

### Athletic All-rounders

BRITISH YOUTH IS SAID not to have the strength or stamina of past generations, and Jeremiahs cite the Olympic results as evidence.

What is needed is an incentive. I suggest all youth clubs and sports organizations should be empowered to award an official badge to all those reaching a certain standard of *all-round* athletic ability.—D. CUNLIFFE, 42 Beaumont Street, Oadby, Leicester.

### No Charge for a Sunset

NATURAL PHENOMENA SUCH AS the caves at Matlock and Cheddar should be taken care of by the National Trust or a similar body. On recent visits I've found the charges for admission quite fantastic—2s. in some cases. We wouldn't pay 2s. to see a sunset, would we?—S. F. BELLHAM, 165 Eastern Avenue, St. Davids, Northampton.

### Job-seeking Nurses

MRS. EVELYN HUNTLEY, S.R.N., in her article, "What We Nurses Really Want" (JOHN BULL, July 17), seems to imply that all nurses seeking work must go to a fee-paying agency.

May I point out that the Ministry of Labour and National Service is responsible for recruitment to nursing and midwifery and for the employment of trained nurses and midwives to the best national advantage. Through thirty-one Nursing Appointments Offices, many thousands of women have been placed in employment as nurses or midwives. No fees are charged by these offices.—J. E. HERBERT, Ministry of Labour and National Service, St. James's Square, London, S.W.1.

**Because of space shortage only a limited selection of readers' letters can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of the sender, preferably for publication.**

# P.S. on Life With Baby

*Babies whose unnerving tantrums go on, whatever their diet, were discussed from two angles in our July 31 issue—by a parent, Alan R. Warwick, and by a doctor, Harvey Graham. Now* JOHN BULL *readers, all of them mothers, add their own comments on "Life with Baby."*

THE INVENTOR of the baby's comforter won no Nobel Prize, but his was a discovery that has done more for peace on earth than any other. Modern parents who get harassed by the yelling of their babies while refusing to resort to a dummy are fools. — *Mrs. L. Turvey, Hale Crescent, Heath End, Farnham, Surrey.*

I WAS DISGUSTED with Alan Warwick's lament. All that trouble over two children! I'm twenty-three and have three children. I don't know what it is to hear them cry. Feed them when they're hungry, I say. They're never picked up except at feeding time. As for a dummy, they wouldn't know what to do with one.—*Mrs. E. M. Stanbury, 8 St. Michael's Road, Grimsby.*

DR. HARVEY GRAHAM is right when he recommends a dummy as a "final prop for peace in the home." My little girl, now two years old, had a comforter up to fourteen months, whereupon I decided she no longer needed it, having got over the difficult stages. An important point is this: she made no fuss when I took it off her.—*Mrs. W. Foster, 109 Robin Lane, Brighton, nr. Sheffield.*

*She made no fuss*

AS A MOTHER of six, I think too many mothers go by rules rather than by instinct. All my children were breast-fed. At night I cuddled them in bed. If they awoke, a little extra milk sent them back to sleep. Terrible, some moderns may say—but, after all, a baby gets comfort from its mother's breast. I hate to see parents leaving babies to cry just because the rules say they *should* be left to cry.—*Mrs. Hook, 131 Woodcock Road, Norwich.*

TO QUIETEN my baby son, my grandmother suggested giving him softened arrowroot to "fill up." Rationing made this impossible, but I made do with rusks. These I crushed down and added a teaspoonful to every bottle. Baby has never looked back.—*Mother of Two.* (Full name and address enclosed.)

WHY DID ALAN WARWICK not get a tin of National Dried Milk from his food office? Our Ann, now six months old, has never deprived us of a night's sleep. It's grand that the Government shows its faith in the future by supplying this wonderful food at the nominal cost of 10½d. a tin.—*Mrs. I. D. Reid, Woodleigh, Oban.*

ORANGE JUICE does not suit every baby. My three babies weren't able to take it. To give necessary vitamins in such cases, try rose hip syrup or blackcurrant purée—or, when obtainable, lemon juice and honey.—*Mrs. J. Botham, 9 Amherst Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14.*

TO MAKE A nervy baby feel safe, roll it firmly in a big shawl or blanket.—*Mrs Edith Hitching, Station Road, Copmanthorp, York.*

# WITH MY FEET UP

## Bird Song

"Coo!" said the Dove of Peace. She was looking harassed, chiefly due to trying to fly in all directions at once.

"There, there, dear," said the Blue Bird of Happiness, flying up. "Don't look so fed up. Two or three very prominent persons have said that they think people don't want war."

"Oh, dear, it's not what they want, it's what they get," said the Dove of Peace despondently.

There was a rush of wings. "Squaaark!" said the Stormy Petrel, whizzing past and pecking a feather out of the tail of the Dove of Peace. "I didn't see you in Palestine."

"I was there from time to time," said the Dove of Peace. "What's happening there now?"

"How the Hecht should I know?" said the Stormy Petrel.

"Well, I expect you were stirring up trouble as usual," said the Dove of Peace.

"I was," said the Stormy Petrel. "But after the British left and Irgun rebelled against the State of Israel, I had a good laugh and thought I'd let it simmer a bit."

* * *

"You are awful," said the Blue Bird. "Why don't you go about spreading happiness?"

"I do," said the Stormy Petrel. "Lot's of people are happy when there's trouble. This fellow here, for instance," he added, pointing to the Vulture, who was hovering nearby.

"Hiya, Basic!" said the Vulture to the Stormy Petrel. "Thought I'd see you in the air lift to Berlin."

"I was there," answered the Stormy Petrel. "Disguised as a Yak."

"I spent all my time at conferences," said the Dove of Peace sadly. "Cooing at those Russians."

"And *I* was having a *lovely* summer holiday, staying with my friends the Whytecliffes of Dover," said the Blue Bird.

* * *

Just at that moment a little Robin Redbreast flew by. The Vulture gave her a cynical look: "If she doesn't take off that Communist waistcoast, she's going to find herself purged from the greetings cards this Christmas."

"Well, I must be on my way," said the Stormy Petrel. "Got work to undo."

"I'll come, too," said the Vulture. "Where are you going—Persia? Moscow? Jugoslavia? Greece?"

"China, travelling via Malaya," said the Stormy Petrel.

"Oh, dear," said the Dove of Peace. "Such a journey, and my olive branch is almost worn out."

**by Ian Fox**

**No, not police. They are night watchmen of Night Guards Ltd., who guard anything from a film set to a princess's wedding gown**

# Midnight's Their Alert Hour

*by JOHN K. NEWNHAM*

WHEN BURGLARS MEET Joe Newman in the dark they are apt to make a mistake. Dressed in navy-blue uniform and carrying a truncheon, whistle and torch, Joe looks like a police inspector—but isn't. He's a night watchman in London's Night Guards Ltd.

The Night Guards are something new in the night watching line. For one thing they are youngish, hefty men, mostly ex-Army Guardsmen or a Redcap like Joe was. For a fee you can hire Nights Guards Ltd., to guard any property you like.

The H.Q. of these night watchmen—or security corps guard as they are called—is in Hampstead, London. This is where the corps started in 1935.

At that time a severe spell of burglaries set in at Hampstead. An ex-Army officer, Captain Charles Gordon, decided to form a security corps to patrol private houses in the district. In return the house owners paid the corps a regular fee.

The war brought the corps more or less to a full stop, but it was revived in 1946 and has now enlarged its scope.

Guards are now on duty at shops, warehouses, factories and big trading estates. They do bank escort duties and provide temporary protection. Joe Newman, for instance, kept guard on Princess Elizabeth's wedding dress.

Five of them recently kept watch over a large £8,000 film set built along the Lambeth Road. Much of the material in it was worth stealing, and all of it was a temptation to the local youngsters.

### Higher Wage than Police Get

The guard's hours of work can be long. Charlie Carpenter, who looks after the head office of an hotel group, goes on duty at five thirty in the afternoon and stays there until nine the following morning. He does this on alternate nights. He is paid according to the hours he puts in, with a basic salary higher than that of the police.

When he takes over at five thirty he makes a full inspection of the building and reports by telephone to the H.Q., where other guards are held in reserve.

After a spell of reading and brewing-up ("most firms leave you some tea and something to eat") he makes another circuit of the building. His tours are made at irregular intervals, so that burglars cannot work to a schedule. He also keeps close contact with the police, and constables on the beat frequently visit him.

At previously arranged times Charlie reports to H.Q. Should his reports not come in on time the control room tries to contact him. If there is no answer, they either notify the police or send a patrol car direct to the office.

### When Noises Are Heard

If Charlie hears anything suspicious the drill is to phone H.Q. and tell them that he is going to investigate and will ring them back in three minutes. If he has not reported at the end of the three minutes help is sent.

Charlie has had no trouble, but others have not been so lucky. One of the guards disturbed burglars one night, but failed to catch them. The following evening they were waiting behind a bush as he went to work and hit him on the head.

The control room in Hampstead is run on Service lines. A row of button-shaped tabs along the walls indicates where guards are on duty, both full time and as patrols. Two guards and an inspector are on duty at the telephone switchboard; relief guards wait in an adjoining room and at various times during the night an inspector goes out with a patrol in a car.

The Night Guards are armed with truncheons and have the same rights to use them in self-defence as a householder or his servant. They cannot arrest a man on suspicion, but can detain a man caught in the act of burgling until the arrival of the police.

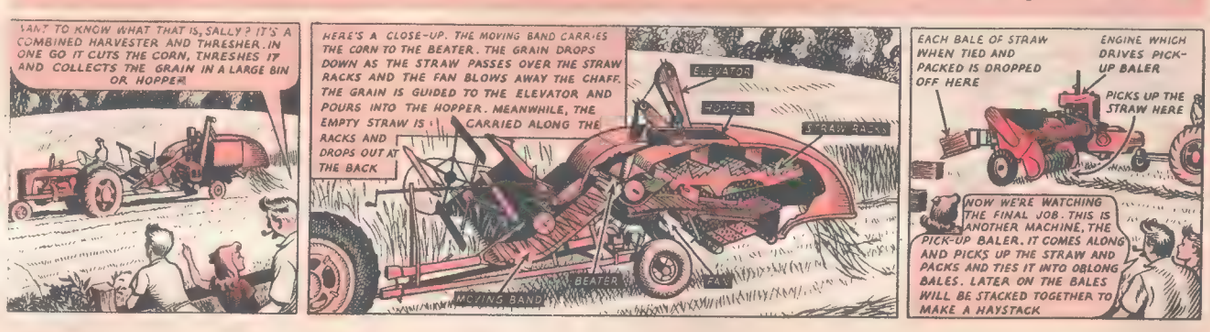
The corps disclaims any intention of setting up as private police or detectives. So long as it sticks to this there can be little room for criticism. Unauthorized bodies of men in uniforms, with truncheons and police dogs, could be an obviously undesirable factor in civil life.

As watchmen inside buildings, however, they have an equally obvious value. They are able to defend both the property and themselves. They have an organization which, in emergency, provides not one guard but several.

The police, undermanned and overworked, cannot give every building individual attention. The tough, trained members of the Night Guards force provide, at any rate, one answer to the serious problem of burglary.

## UNCLE ANDY

*Machines-of-all-work*


DON'T TO KNOW WHAT THAT IS, SALLY? IT'S A COMBINED HARVESTER AND THRESHER. IN ONE GO IT CUTS THE CORN, THRESHES IT AND COLLECTS THE GRAIN IN A LARGE BIN OR HOPPER
HERE'S A CLOSE-UP. THE MOVING BAND CARRIES THE CORN TO THE BEATER. THE GRAIN DROPS DOWN AS THE STRAW PASSES OVER THE STRAW RACKS AND THE FAN BLOWS AWAY THE CHAFF. THE GRAIN IS GUIDED TO THE ELEVATOR AND POURS INTO THE HOPPER. MEANWHILE, THE EMPTY STRAW IS CARRIED ALONG THE RACKS AND DROPS OUT AT THE BACK
ELEVATOR
HOPPER
STRAW RACK
MOVING BAND
BEATER
EACH BALE OF STRAW WHEN TIED AND PACKED IS DROPPED OFF HERE
ENGINE WHICH DRIVES PICK-UP BALER
PICKS UP THE STRAW HERE
NOW WE'RE WATCHING THE FINAL JOB. THIS IS ANOTHER MACHINE, THE PICK-UP BALER. IT COMES ALONG AND PICKS UP THE STRAW AND PACKS AND TIES IT INTO OBLONG BALES. LATER ON THE BALES WILL BE STACKED TOGETHER TO MAKE A HAYSTACK

# Passenger to Pekan

by HEDLEY BARKER

ILLUSTRATED BY YATES WILSON

*There was rejoicing on the waterfront at Hongkong when Carey died. But there was one more trip he had to make*

WHEN THE NEWS of Carey Tuan's death percolated through to the Hongkong waterfront there was excitement among the Malay and Chinese fraternity whose business was the obscure art of smuggling.

Hope, kindled in black and yellow breasts, burned in the smile of dark eyes. Down under the awnings of the sampans the men of Malay grinned at each other.

"Ai!" they cried, "God is good. He has taken away the wicked Tuan who oppressed our trade. The magic eye is dead. No longer will it see into our innermost places."

There was no magic about it as far as Carey Tuan was concerned. His Majesty's Commissioner of Customs in Hongkong had merely developed a sixth sense. If a cargo of bêche-de-mer or bird's nests, or anything else, was phoney, he knew it. It was as if the concealed opium rang a bell in his brain.

Opium could make a coolie rich overnight. If the risks were great, the returns were fabulous. And, now that the great man was dead there was festival along the Bund. White teeth flashed against dark skins. As for the Chinamen, unsmiling, they burnt joss sticks to ensure that the inquisitive spirit of Commissioner Carey departed to its proper place.

And now, Carey Tuan, as the Malays called him, lay coffined in the dark room up at his bungalow in Kowloon. Blake, the Deputy Commissioner, sat with Tarran, Carey's lawyer, on the veranda. Tarran was about to read the will.

There were no relatives. Carey, finding himself alone in the world after burying his wife at Pekan in Malaya some fifteen years before, had lived alone with Ti Soo, his servant, interested only in his work, passionately determined to put down the traffic in opium, devising all sorts of ingenious means to beat the smugglers.

ON the table was an ice-bucket containing champagne, and a box of Punch Coronas.

"It's in the will," explained Tarran.

"'I should esteem it a favour and a compliment,'" he read out, "'if the interested parties would crack a bottle of Bollinger and smoke one of my cigars at the reading of this, my last will and testament.'"

"Oh, good show," said Blake. "Weep me no tears and so forth, eh? I'm all for it. Well—a—here's to the old boy. Hope he's comfortable. Number One white man—all wool and a yard wide."

"You know you're a beneficiary?" said Tarran.

"Go on?"

"Five hundred pounds."

"By Jove! I say, that's jolly handsome. Good old scout."

"So you won't mind the trip to Pekan."

"Pekan? You mean——?"

Tarran turned once more to the will.

"'I should like,'" he read, "'to be buried in the British cemetery at Pekan in the same grave as my dear wife. If it wouldn't be troubling Blake too much (always provided he survives me) perhaps he would take ship with me and see that I am duly interred according to my expressed wish.'"

"Honoured," said Blake. "The salt of the earth, old Carey. Yes, sir, a Sahib. Only too glad. That's to say—well, you know what I mean."

Upo Sing's rich gifts were brought to the coffin, and he bowed and withdrew

Around the corner of the veranda a grief-stricken face showed itself.

"Master," said Ti Soo. "Upo Sing. He comes."

"Aha!" said Blake, suddenly alert. "The crafty old adversary. Well, show him round, Ti Soo."

Now, Upo Sing was an overfed octopus whose tentacles reached far and wide. Sugar, wines and spirits, most of the building enterprises, sixty per cent of the commerce in bird's nests and bêche-de-mer—all these were plums which he had pulled out of the Hongkong pie, together with sundry matters which never stained the pages of his ledgers, the chief of these being opium.

Blake knew very well that he could lay a finger on any part of Upo Sing's exuberant anatomy and say: "Thou art the man. Under this skin lies the heart of a double-dealing shyster. Here are the smuggling secrets of a generation of twisters, for a moral certainty."

But, between moral certainty and proof there stood a wide gap, never wholly compassed in Carey's time, and only to be bridged, it seemed, in the fond dreams of customs men.

THERE shuffled on to the veranda an unspeakable figure, wide as a mattress, yielding as a taut balloon. Upo Sing's gown of peach silk was covered with intricate embroidery, his swollen fingers encrusted with jewels and the cannon-ball of a head, poised almost neckless on the powerful shoulders, framed a mouthful of tiny teeth, red with betel-nut.

Upo Sing had come a long way since his youth in Canton. His granaries were full to bursting. Dhows he owned by the hundred, his sampans covered the face of the harbour and the priceless rugs in his house on the hill would have graced the palace of a maharajah.

He stood there, smiling. It could not be said that he bowed—he rippled slightly. Somewhere in the depths a voice breathed and gurgled.

"I bring you a good morning, gentlemen."

"Sit down, Upo Sing," invited Blake. "You have heard about the commissioner?"

"I am grieved," said Upo Sing.

"Naturally," said Blake, drily.

"I had many dealings with him."

"Too true. You'd better have some champagne. I suppose you come under the heading of an interested party."

Upo Sing looked blank.

"The commissioner," explained Blake, "would esteem it a favour if interested parties would drink his champagne and smoke a cigar."

"He was a good man," breathed Upo Sing. "There will be joy among his ancestors." He drank, sighed heavily and used his fan.

"Joy, too," suggested Blake, with an ironic glance, "among the unworthy, Upo Sing. What can I do for you?"

"I wish to make presents to those who are starting on the journey," said Upo Sing. "It is an ancient custom. True, we were opponents. The commissioner was a suspicious man. It hurt me very much. I am a sensitive man."

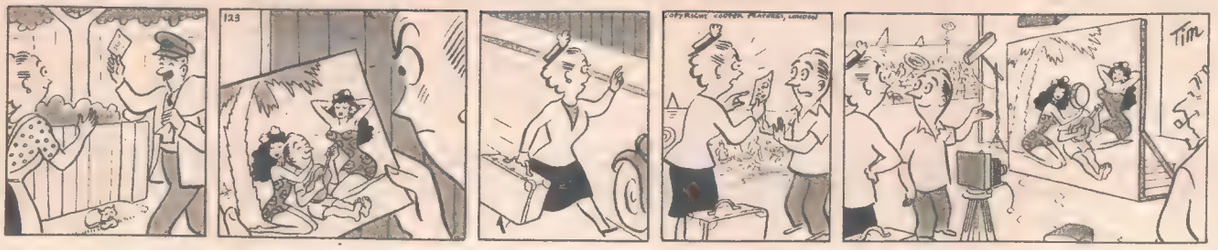
"I have noticed that," said Blake.

"But, also, I am forgiving. The commissioner is with his fathers. I bear no malice. And now, I wish to pay tribute. It is permitted?"

Blake looked long and hard into the

# OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM



eyes of Upo Sing. They were little buttons of eyes, almost circular, black as onyx and glittering as crystal.

"What do you say, Tarran?" he asked.

"I see no objection," said the lawyer.

"Very well, Upo Sing. You have brought the presents with you?"

"That would indeed be paltry," reproached Upo Sing. "My tribute to the commissioner could not be carried by one man alone."

"Well," said Blake, "Carey Tuan is to be buried in Pekan. At midday tomorrow I shall embark with the coffin. You had better be up here by ten o'clock."

Upo Sing clutched the table. He arose by slow stages, as if lifted by a crane, balancing his twenty-five stones on ridiculously small feet.

"I am obliged, gentlemen," he panted. "I wish you good day."

After finishing the champagne the two men went indoors, each to select a keepsake under the terms of the will. The commissioner had been a shrewd collector, and from among some very fine pieces of jade Blake selected a smiling Buddha, while Tarran, who took no stock in knick-knacks, earmarked an easy chair. Tarran clapped his hands for Ti Soo.

"You know that your master has provided for you, Ti Soo?"

Ti Soo raised his eyes. "Plovide? Me no savee."

"This house belong Ti Soo, with many dollars. No catchee work any more, number one gentleman."

Ti Soo shook his head. "Me no care. Master no speaking, me velly sad."

DOUBLY sad was Ti Soo on the following morning. Blake found him trussed and gagged, with a lump on his forehead the size of a quince. Ti Soo wept. The thieves, evidently nervous, had not taken much, but the Chinaman was heartbroken that the house of the dead should have been profaned.

"They are knocking," he wailed. "I go. I am hit velly hard."

Blake went through into Carey's room. The sun streamed down on to the coffin through the jalousies; the perfume of massed flowers hung cloying on the stillness. Nothing was disturbed.

"Well, cheer up, Ti Soo," he said. "If you like you shall go with me to Pekan."

Up the hill came a limousine. To get Upo Sing out of it was a major operation conducted by fussing servitors from the jeep behind.

For a moment he stood smiling in the sun, an enormous onion of a man. And then he waddled forward at the head of four Malays laden with chocolate-coloured varnished fowls, peaches in brandy, jars of ginger, shoes and clothing for the traveller in strange lands, a staff to help him on his way, tea from Fukien, a glorious bowl of Ming yellow to drink out of and a silver kettle for the brewing.

He had these laid on a table at the foot of the coffin, bowed his head and withdrew.

At twelve o'clock the *Eastern Trader* blew three blasts on her whistle and backed out from the jetty. Soon the Bund was a trembling blur under the blaze of the fiery sun, and the hills of Kowloon were lost in the afternoon haze.

Blake, fresh from a trying spell of duty in the heat of Hongkong, settled down with gusto to enjoy his unlooked for slice of leave. He didn't often let himself go; but now, with the absence of official eyes to overlook him, he responded heartily to the charms of poker with three American salesmen in the saloon.

Once again he tasted the joy of holding a "coffee-shop" and betting with confidence on a certainty.

HE had fantastic luck. Straights and running flushes came his way with monotonous regularity. In the circumstances he could do nothing less than keep the drinks going, and when at last he steered an unsteady course for his room it was in a happy state of muzziness induced by numbers of gin slings.

His cabin was a double one, and Blake, demurring against the coffin being relegated to the paint-shop, had arranged for it to be placed in the spare bunk. The deputy commissioner was quite happy with his silent companion and, entirely free from queasiness, he bent a fond eye on the casket. Addressing the air at some length, he assured his late chief of unceasing loyalty and an affection which could never be dimmed by time.

"Evergreen memories, ole Carey," he muttered. "Fi live to be a hundred, I'll never forget the Tuan. Shining ex—example to all customs offsers. What? By Jove, yes! Well done, goo'n faithful ole scout."

On the fourth night out Blake awoke in some alarm. Half stupified, he sensed vaguely that something was wrong. For some moments he meditated on the roaring sound of tumult coming, as it seemed, from afar. Sitting up in his bunk, he switched on the light. Instantly a cataract of water spurted through the open porthole. He hastily closed it, screwing it tight down. Rising, he was pitched across the cabin and fetched up sprawling against the opposite bunk.

He realized that no ordinary storm was raging outside.

Up on deck he met with a pitch-dark night filled with appalling violence. The wind manhandled him; expert like a footpad, it hustled him into a corner, pinned him to the upperstructure, buffeted him till he was breathless. Somewhere in the blackness ahead of him a heavy sea butted the ship, lipped over the bulwarks, came aft like a bursting reservoir and swept Blake off his feet. Half dazed, he arose, scuttled for the door of the captain's flat and dodged within.

Here it was less violent, but more alarming. The deck rose under his feet until he was looking down a steep hill. The settee which stood between the captain's cabin and the bathroom suddenly slid away and crashed through the glass of the opposite door. The ship was hoisted dizzily, quivered dreadfully on the crest of an enormous sea like a woman in a fright and went down like a felled chimneystack falling on concrete. Then it was that one of the salesmen was catapulted in behind Blake.

"I say," said the deputy commissioner, "isn't this rather unusual?"

"Unusual? I'll say. It's a typhoon, buddy. All the battens have gone off the fore hold. We've had it. The ship's filling up and there isn't a damn thing they can do about it. Somebody ought to be shot for this. If those battens had been properly fixed they'd have stayed put. Got a lifebelt in your cabin?"

"I suppose so, yes."

"Go get into it, brother. You're sure going to need it. It's only a matter of time before we take to the boats."

"Boats!" echoed Blake, aghast. "In this?"

"That," said the salesman, grimly, "is the situation. Know any prayers? I'll be seeing you."

Blake at last reached his cabin. Preoccupied with the stern prospect ahead, other matters had been elbowed clean out of his mind. Now his heart gave a single knock of dismay. However mute the appeal of Carey Tuan, it was none the less urgent.

If he hadn't so considered it before, Blake now saw the commissioner's last wish as his own sacred trust. Typhoon or not, he must be safely landed in Pekan.

Outside, he heard voices and put his head out to see the scared faces of two Chinese—the steward and the cook. He stepped out, seized an arm of each and yanked them into the cabin, pointing to the coffin.

"Catch hold, John," he said, "pronto. Him belong upper deck, savvee?"

They set up a wail, rolling staring eyes. "The ship, master! She go down. We go."

"Not on your life," snapped Blake, and yelled for Ti Soo. That stalwart produced a wicked-looking knife, made threatening passes at his countrymen and emitted a spitting stream of chatter. Suddenly the ship fell on her side and the four of them were pitched into a corner.

The steward and the cook, green with fright, let out a screech. Blake cuffed them soundly. From the deck a piercing whistle rose above the pandemonium of the storm.

"Lift," growled Blake.

Swaying from side to side, they moved slowly along the corridor. Ahead of them was the companion staircase, turned into an almost impossible obstacle by the ship's infernal agility. But Blake was on his mettle. His attitude was, Pekan or perish. With the strength of two men he tugged and heaved.

When, finally, they laid the commissioner down by number one boat the grey light of dawn showed on the Eastern horizon.

The sight of the sea was unpromising. As far as the eye could reach were black, mountainous rollers tipped with white foam and racing to the kill. The *Eastern Trader*, down by the head, wallowed like a spent swimmer, heavy and sluggish.

THE boats had been lashed down and now the men were cutting them adrift. Blake approached the captain. After getting Carey Tuan this far it would be mortifying to have to leave him behind.

"Look here," he said, "I've got to get this poor feller to Pekan. I can't let him down. Dying wish, and all that."

"Good God!" The captain looked ready to throw a fit. "Have you gone off your head? If we save our souls alive out of this potmess it'll be a miracle. And you come to me yammering about ——."

"Now don't fly off the handle," urged Blake. "If we're in such a pickle as all that a coffin will make no difference one way or the other. And it amounts to this, Captain: either he goes or I stay behind."

Although Blake didn't quite see himself doing this, he thought it might possibly influence the captain in his favour. He was disappointed.

"At that you're damn welcome," snapped the man of the sea.

And then, suddenly bethinking himself, he shot out an arm and pointed to the hatchway of the after hold, where a boat lay keel upwards. "That's my jollyboat. It's spare. If you can get any of the men to load you into that and launch it, good luck to you."

Five pounds each offered to a bunch of Malay firemen was enough even to distract them from immediate perils. They manhandled the jollyboat like workmen, hooked on the falls, turned out the davits and lowered the boat with a rush. There was a ticklish moment when Blake found himself unable to cast off the blocks, a desperate few seconds of hacking at the falls with Ti-Soo's knife. And then, swept up to the crest of a swinging roller, they rushed for'ard like a shot out of a gun.

That they were intact, with the boat floating on an even keel, was a matter for astonishment to Blake. When he had recovered from his amazement he set about getting his craft head on to the seas.

He was not entirely helpless; he had for long sailed a yacht at Hongkong, and, after a struggle, he and Ti Soo managed to get the mast stepped and to hoist the jib and lugsail. Fortunately, the wind had backed; it was now blowing them towards Pekan, and the only

Continued on page 21

## THIS WEEK'S COVER

WHAT'S that primly dressed old lady in the antiquated four-wheeler doing in this gay, holiday cover? The answer is that she wasn't there at all. The artist, Grace Holden, who visited Margate to paint the scene, put her there to show that Punch and Judy is something that never fades from memory. So, "Whoa there, Cabby, and let's see the fun."

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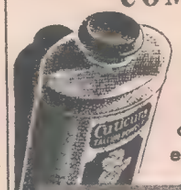


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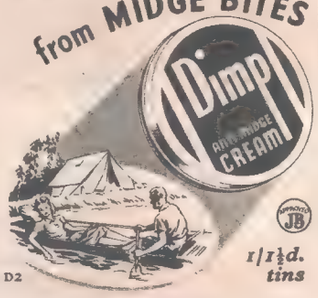


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*"I suppose you've been closing the dollar gap, Fred"*

# Could we do with a longer sleeping week?

POLITICIANS over the radio, posters on the hoardings, all urge us to work harder and harder. And of course we're doing everything we can. *But . . . !*

Where are we to get the extra energy from?

Here we are, working flat out on exports or coping with queues, and at the end of the day we're whacked. We even wake tired! Oh, for some more energy!

**Food and Sleep**

Where does our energy come from anyway? It comes from food and sleep. Food is rationed, so we can't get any more from *that* source. But, thank goodness, sleep is still off the ration!

*Heigh ho! Heigh ho! it's off to work we go*

Could we do with a longer sleeping week?

Strangely enough, that wouldn't help much, because *long* sleep is not nearly so important as *deep* sleep.

As you know, many people wake tired in the morning, even after a long night's sleep. Their sleep is *long* enough, but not *deep* enough.

**Only deep sleep has the power to put back into your body and brain the energy and vitality you use up during the day.**

That is why Horlicks is so strongly recommended as a bedtime drink. Horlicks promotes the deep sleep your body needs for extra energy. Drink Horlicks regularly, and you'll jump out of bed in the morning ready to tackle anything—whether it's the export drive or the knotty problem of what you'll give them for dinner to-day.

YOU OFTEN see it happen — in queues and overcrowded buses—people suddenly losing their tempers. You have felt like it yourself!

Nine years of austerity and shortages have brought many of us dangerously near what psychologists call the *flashpoint*. Our nerves are stretched till suddenly — *snap!*

What we urgently need is something to soothe and refresh our tired bodies and brains. Nature has a prescription for this — her most precious gift — deep sleep.

**DEEP SLEEP . . Do's and Don'ts**

**DON'T** stand a clock or watch (even a quiet one) on the bare wood of a bedside table. It can make your sleep several degrees lighter all through the night, though it never wakes you. Stand it on a cushion pad.

**DO** take half a dozen deep breaths in front of an open window before getting into bed.

**DON'T** sleep under tight bedclothes. They imprison body and limb muscles, restrict your freedom to move. Remember that the average man stirs in his sleep every 9 minutes, a woman every 13½ minutes.

**DON'T** turn your radio up too loud, if you are sitting up late. Your neighbours need deep sleep as much as you do!

**HORLICKS**

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PASSENGER TO PEKAN

Continued from page 18

danger Blake could visualize was that of being pooped by the following sea which every now and then threatened to lip over the stern sheets and overwhelm them.

One look astern at those towering cliffs of water was enough; they looked dangerous as a madman amok with an axe.

The other boats had also made sail, and Blake had only to steer in the same direction. Of the *Eastern Trader* nothing was to be seen save an occasional glimpse of her funnel and masts as they were lifted on high; and it was plain that they had left her not a moment too soon.

But, for Blake, all other matters were as nothing compared with the fact of Carey Tuan's coffin lying fore and after on the thwarts, and his eye rested upon it with a deep satisfaction as he recalled the efforts which it had cost him to bring about the commissioner's immunity from a lonely tomb on a sinking ship, with nothing but the gurgle of inrushing water to sing his requiem.

By the end of the day the sea had dropped a little and Blake, sailing in more comfortable circumstances, investigated for the first time the box of biscuits and the beaker of water which had been chucked into the boat as an afterthought by the bo'sun. They could not, he thought, be very far from Pekan, and at the rate they were making over the sea they must soon be sighting land. Lashing the tiller, he dished out a generous helping of water and biscuits to Ti Soo, and fell to himself.

"Well," he said, "we're safe, Ti Soo. By and by we come to Pekan, chop-chop."

Ti Soo's wooden expression didn't alter. "Pekan no belong," he said. "Master no speak. Him plenty finish. Me velly sad."

"You're unreasonable, Ti Soo," said Blake. "No man can live for ever. Commissioner plenty tired. Him catchee long sleep. You all time sad, he no like."

THE sun went down. Darkness fell with the suddenness of an abrupt switch-off. Blake dozed at the tiller. His head nodded. Soothed by the motion of the boat, he floated off into a region between sleep and awareness where time and the sadness of Ti Soo were no more.

He came to with a start to hear a cry from the Chinaman. He had allowed the tiller to slip; the boat had broached-to and the coffin had gone overboard.

Blake sprang up. Two boat's lengths astern the moon glinted on brasswork as the coffin turned on the crest of a wave. The deputy commissioner framed no thoughts; he was conscious only of a pricking alarm. Overboard he went and struck out in pursuit of his vanishing charge. When finally he reached and checked it, his alarm was crystallized in a loud yell. Ti Soo, fumbling with the tiller, had brought the boat round to the wind and was steadily putting distance between them.

"Down sail, you fool!" shouted Blake.

A cry floated over the water from Ti Soo—a whinny of despair, and for several moments it seemed to Blake that he might be left to fend for himself in the midst of the China Sea.

At last the sail came down at the run. Shoving his unwieldy burden before him, he struck out. How long he was in the water he never knew; but when he finally laid hold of the boat's gunwhale he was almost too exhausted to climb in.

Climb in, however, he did. More: by passing a rope around the coffin in a series of half-hitches — lashing it

Continued on next page



AS I WAS SAYING . . . by HERBERT HODGE

As a viewer you can't do more than simply look—and like or dislike

# Art in the Park

FINDING MYSELF with an hour to spare in noisy, grubby old Battersea, the other afternoon, I turned away from the trams and the gasworks, and went into the park—to spend a quiet hour with the trees and the statues.

I've got a great affection for Battersea Park. I lived and worked in Battersea for ten years. And, in those days, the park was my London oasis; the one place where I could dream in peace. The lawns and the trees were my country estate; the lake, my ocean.

Battersea is such an ugly and depressing place to live in (or it was in the streets where I could afford to live) that the contrast was like walking out of hell into heaven.

The statues are only going to be there a very short time. They're on exhibition, and the exhibition may be closing next month. I think that's a pity. Two of them (at least) ought to stay exactly where they are—Epstein's "Visitation" and Henry Moore's much-talked-of "Three Standing Figures." The park is their perfect setting.

But I don't intend to describe Henry Moore's figures here, or to argue whether they're works of art or only lumps of stone with knobs on. Arguing about art never does much good—bar giving the artist publicity.

### You're the Best Critic

When it comes to *appreciating* a bit of art, the only thing to do is to go and have a look at it. If you like it, it's good art—for you. If you find you can't like it—well, it isn't the kind of art you like.

The greatest art critic can't say more than that. And the really good art critics, of course, don't pretend that they can. It's only the ignorant ones who pose as know-alls.

Although I get a lot of pleasure from looking at individual pictures and statues, I've never been much attracted by exhibitions. The trouble with exhibitions, I always think, is that they give you far too much of a good thing at once.

It's like fancying a bit of cheese, and finding yourself condemned to eat your way through a cheese factory. Long before you've sampled even a tenth of it, you're sick of the sight and smell of cheese. And it's even worse with art. Art's so much more difficult to digest.

### A Sudden Encounter

I like to meet a work of art more by accident; to see a picture hanging in its right place on somebody's wall; or to be out walking and come upon a statue standing in its open-air setting.

That's where these individual works of art belong—not ranged in rows in museums and art-galleries (though better there than nowhere).

The trouble is that so few of us can afford the price of original pictures—let alone the garden space in which to set a statue, even if we could afford the statue.

If only a fairy godmother would put at my disposal just one green park and enough money to set in it all the statues I've loved—what a paradise it could be! Though only my paradise, I suppose. It probably wouldn't please anybody else. I'd want too much Epstein for most people's taste.

And I'd certainly want those three standing figures of Henry Moore's. Seen at their proper distance, in their Battersea Park setting, I think they're superb. As I walked away from them, I was impelled to keep glancing back over my shoulder—just to re-assure myself they were *not* moving.

You've got to see them from a distance, standing alone in a woodland setting, to get their full effect. I'd like to see them by moonlight. I'd be looking over my shoulder then, all right—to make sure they weren't following me about.

It's a sad thought that one man's beauties are so often another man's monstrosities. I remember taking a Canadian friend to see Epstein's statues of "Night" and "Day," on Broadway House, Westminster.

He'd asked me to take him over Westminster Abbey. And when I'd done my duty, and shown him over that, I said: "Now I'll show you something *modern* worth looking at." And all the way along Victoria Street I went on babbling about the beauty of Epstein—until, as we came opposite Broadway House, I said, "Now! Look up there!"

He looked up—and his jaw dropped. I don't think I've ever seen a man so utterly taken aback. He was fighting a silent battle with his face, striving to cover up his disappointment and disgust, and turning his eyes everywhere but at Epstein's statues or me.

At last he spoke. "Ye—es," he said, and gulped. Then he grabbed my arm and rushed me into the nearest pub. We neither of us mentioned Epstein again.

But he could hardly have been feeling worse about it than I was. I haven't had the heart to lead anyone towards any of my favourite statues since.

Of course, I can see now that I did it all wrong. I ought not to have praised the statues beforehand. I ought to have suggested simply going to that pub for a drink—and then said, casually, glancing up as we passed the statues: "By the way, what do you think of those little things of Epstein's?"

That's the way to do it. Then he could have said what he thought without embarrassment.

It's odd, this question of personal taste. I've never been able to understand why so much of Epstein's sculpture has disgusted and enraged people at first sight. Yet, when I see one of those ghastly statues of Victorian worthies, dressed in a marble top hat, with marble jacket and trousers, I get the same feeling of horror and rage.

It's the marble trousers that hurt me most, I think—*baggy* marble trousers. And baggy bronze ones are just as bad. If I were shut up with a pair of those trousers, I think I'd go raving mad.

### If They'd Let Me Choose

That's one of the reasons I've hesitated to join in the present cry for more statues in our towns; more "furniture of the open-air," as Eric Newton calls it. I'm all for it—if only they'd let me choose the statues. But, of course, I've got no more right to choose the statues than anybody else.

I suppose, in the end, it would mean that local borough councillors would choose most of them. And I suppose the local Watch Committee would keep a stern eye on municipal sculpture, too.

Which conjures up a picture of a band of grimly determined ladies and gentlemen, marching out of the town hall, carrying marble trousers and bronze petticoats for most of *my* favourite statues.

Still, it's well worth the risk. Let's agitate for more statues, and chance it.

Even if a lot of the new municipal statues do turn up in marble trousers, there are bound to be a few that don't—among them, perhaps, that very vision of beauty we've all been longing for.

# HOME? NOT FOR THIS JAMES!

"OUR weekend was unforgettable!" declared *Bullets* First Prizewinner James V. Mather. He and his wife had travelled to London from 13 Park View, Bolton, to enjoy a Friday-to-Monday celebration—and here you see them setting off on a sightseeing tour of the city.

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THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Seaside Holiday: P. H. Lisk, 19 Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey: TOOK HIS TIME—AND GAVE OVERTIME, CRAFTSMAN.

OTHER AWARDS: £9: C. Ashdown, 19 Furlong Avenue, Arnold, Notts: WITH AMERICA'S FORTS—REHEARSING, STALIN'S THOUGHTS REVERSING? £8: J. White, 46 Bolingbroke Street, Marshfields, Bradford: IT'S TOUGH GOING, BUT—MAY "EXPLORERS" REACH "SETTLEMENT"! £7: J. Kavanagh, Newtownkelly, Coalisland, Co. Tyrone: WITH AMERICA'S LIFT—SEE "*Europe's* STATE BUILDING"! £6: A. Stork, 10 Gileston Road, Cardiff: REMEMBER, STALIN—"MARX" WITHOUT "BROTHERS," CRAZY!

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## FIVE BIG CHEQUES WON—XWORD 592

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Cheek. 2, Bags. 4, Aims. 6, Sign. 7, Rank. 8, Nook. 14, Hope. DOWN: 1, Cold. 3, Snack. 5, Sinner. 9, Pass. 10, June. 11, Wood. 12, Pace. 13, Save.

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### THIS WAY TO WIN

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter *one* extra Answer to any *one, two or three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

If you prefer to send extra sets of Answers on plain paper, you may do so, but form below saves you the time, trouble and paper involved.

**Across Clues** XWORD 596

4. One kind of draught may be this
7. Having this often explains a man's greater production
9. These swell out
13. One kind is associated with rotatory movement
14. Is generally regarded as a bugbear by publicans
15. Baby's changes from time to time

**Down Clues**

1. Responds to signals
2. Unlucky one may upset burglar on job
3. Asses father many of these
5. Some people are unlucky and know what hard these mean
6. Many of these indicate a high degree of cultivation
8. British seamen were more often this in the old days
10. Reckless one often comes off, given a bit of luck
11. Winning these can sometimes lead to disillusion and disappointment
12. May have the effect of shutting one in

## WIN A CHEQUE AND SEASIDE HOLIDAY

| | | | | | | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | | 2 | | 3 | | 4 | | U | 5 | L | L | | | |
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| A | | P | A | L | | S | | | | | | | | |
| I | W | | 7 | B | E | | T | | E | 8 | C | | | |
| 9 | N | O | | E | S | | U | S | S | R | | | | |
| | | | | | | 10 | B | N | | | | | | |
| 11 | W | D | | 12 | | | | 13 | | U | M | | | |
| A | S | P | O | R | T | S | | | N | P | | | | |
| | | E | L | Y | | | | D | I | E | | | | |
| 14 | S | | A | T | E | 596 | 15 | O | O | D | | | | |

| CLUE | EXTRA ANSWER | Total Fee |
|---|---|---|
| No. | | 6d. |
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*(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)*

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with *one* extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.). Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.).

Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated September 11.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

**596** Closing Postmark, MON., AUG. 30

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

## PASSENGER TO PEKAN

**Continued from previous page**

hammock-wise—and fastening the end to a cleat, he fully secured it against further mishaps. Rolling like an old candle-box, it floated in the wake about five yards astern.

And, in the morning, the green vegetation of Malay welcomed those shipwrecked mariners like the smile of a mother. It was like a tonic for Blake; it seemed to him a personal reward for work well done, as if he could almost hear the voice of his late commissioner, warm with approving enthusiasm: "Good show, Blake! That was a workman's job. I shall see that it goes in your report."

Pekan, of course, had received the *Eastern Trader's* wireless, and they were greeted by the port's dignitaries, who had made every arrangement for their comfort. They were somewhat taken aback by the sight of the commissioner's coffin in tow of the jollyboat, and much intrigued by Blake's description of the difficulties which had attended its transport to Pekan.

"Couldn't let the old boy down," he said. "Dying wish, an' all that—what? and now—well—here he is. Home is the hunter, eh? By jove, yes! Nice to think that he'll be joining his lady-wife."

The four Malays who loaded the coffin on to the waiting motor-hearse vanished into the crowd. Blake, accepting the harbourmaster's offer of a drink, sat down in that functionary's office and glanced again at the envelope which had been pressed into his hand by a small black boy. He opened it, started as if stung, leaped to his feet and rushed to the office door.

"What's up?" asked the harbourmaster. "Anything wrong?"

Thinking about it afterwards, Blake was infinitely thankful that he didn't blurt out the truth. He was thus saved from becoming the laughing stock of the entire coast. Later, not content with tearing the note into countless pieces, he burnt them in his hotel bedroom. But he didn't forget its text in a hurry; indeed, he remembered it with blushes every time he met Upo Sing. It read:

*The commissioner will come to light in Hongkong. Meantime, there is joy among the unworthy. For your safe conduct of opium—160 lb.—much thanks.*

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Later you can complete the patent. The total cost is about £6. You would be advised to get a patent agent to draft the final specification. You or your agent would have to search the registers at the Patent Office to find out whether the invention had already been patented or not.

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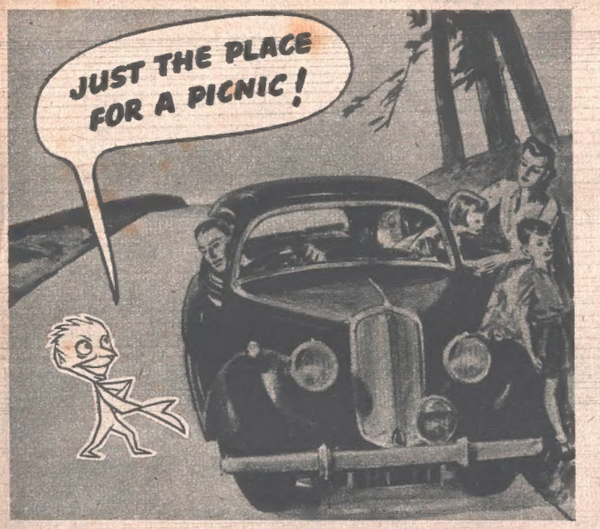


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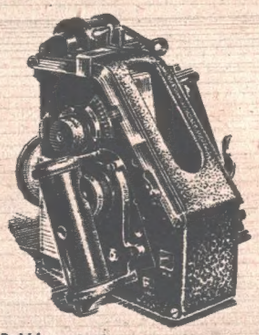

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